

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

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DECEMBER, 1846.  
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THE LITTLE VISITOR.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

CHILDHOOD! What a world of meaning in that word! Childhood is the opening scene in life's eventful drama, and that is a scene of beauty. The first act begins in helpless purity; the last closes with the swelling buds of promise. Nature has produced nothing more wonderful than man; and man is never more interesting than when first a child.

Pure, bright, beautiful childhood! How calm, and sweet, and cheerful is the little innocent! Thought, deep, busy, corroding thought, has worn no wrinkles on its placid brow. The world's care has sent no pangs to its young, buoyant heart. All confiding to friend or stranger, it trusts itself, after the slightest introductory acquaintance, to any one without fear of treachery. And safely may it do so, for, wonderful to tell—wonderful in the lot of any thing pertaining to humanity—the child has no enemy.

Joyous childhood! How fresh and fair is the great world it sees and wonders at! The eye drinks in the pure light, and the ear is filled with harmony. All the organs of sense are rapt into an ecstasy of pleasure. If there is any thing hurtful or dangerous in nature, that same nature has supplied childhood with a friend, who watches it with tireless fidelity. If there is any thing gratifying within the reach of the tenderest affection, childhood lacks nothing that could increase its happiness.

But childhood gives as much pleasure as it receives. Who does not love a child? Those who are not accustomed to caress them, nevertheless love them; and love is the fountain of our peace and joy. Each child is a little fountain of happiness to all around it. How benignant, then, was our Creator, in so arranging the great plan of nature, as to counteract the numerous ills of life, by opening up within the inclosure of almost every family so many little springs of comfort.

Look you, for an example, gentle reader, at the pretty scene on the preceding page. Which is most happy, the little visitor, or the party of aunts, or cousins, or at least fond acquaintances, who caress and gaze? The child is clearly overwhelmed with strange things. He is in a new place. His uplifted

hand and bright eyes equally indicate the emotions of his blessed heart. He now cares no more for his rattle, than if it were a straw.

Were I to speak of dress, I should say his cap is a little out of taste. The cap he plays with at home would look quite as well in it as himself. Children, in fact, should not wear caps. Besides making them appear, whichever be their sex, like little grandmothers dressed merely for the fun, they are an injury to the head, and mar very much the beauty of the child. Could I make that lady on the carpet hear me, I would request her, with all politeness, to take the cap off, and let me see the little fellow's head and hair. She could easily do it, for I see it is not tied.

The mother is in another room. She is holding high converse with some delighted friend, whom she has come to see. How refreshing to the soul are these friendly greetings! but, my dear sister, do not forget your charge. A slight act of negligence may occasion him much harm. Besides, madam, it is very cold weather. The snow is falling fast, and the wind is whistling clear and cold. When his evening is spent, give him a nice snug place to sleep in, and when yours is over, "cuddle" him to your breast till morning.

There may be more in that little visitor than we imagine. The mind is wonderfully expansive. Newton was once a child, and this child may be a Newton. But it is better to be good than great. The name of Howard will last as long as that of Franklin, and yet Franklin was one of the wisest and most fortunate men of his age.

Long life and joy to the little visitor! May his days be many and his troubles few!

But his days may be as few as his troubles. Tender little being that he is, he may wither and fall in an hour. He may be laid low on the couch of death, and these very friends, who are now so happy in giving him their greetings, may be soon called to weep around his little bier. Guard him, fond mother, guard him from every harm. Preserve by every means his health of body, and with still greater assiduity his purity of mind. Then, if he die early, he may be in the better land before you.

LITERARY SKETCHES.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHARACTER OF ASPASIA.

THE name of this celebrated woman has survived the mutations of more than two thousand years. It will probably go down to the end of time. That there must have been something extraordinary in her character, is certain from the duration of her fame. History has given us the elements of that character, and displayed the causes of her vast elevation above the ordinary level of her sex.

In her personal appearance, Aspasia was the loveliest of women. Indeed, thus much her name imports, and in her age names were given with a meaning. The historians of that period have not left us any minute description of her person; but when they tell us that her beauty charmed all Athens, any one's historical recollections will soon settle every other question. Who, in this age of pictures, has not at least a faint conception of a Grecian beauty? Who that has examined the Italian copies of the Greek artists, or that has seen only the imitations imported to this country, and suspended in our museums and athenæums, has not even a vivid idea of a belle of Athens? Indeed, we have only to read one or two of the popular authors of that day, and the Grecian female stands before us in full life and action.

The belle of Athens offered to the eye a figure very different from that of a modern belle of Paris, New York, or Boston. The one sought health, and the natural bloom of health, and a full development of her person. The other seeks at least the pallor of disease, depending on the brush for the proper tints, and miserably distorting her natural figure in the most vital parts. In the Grecian beauty, nature was all predominant; in the European and American, art universally prevails; and the art, such as it is, is devoted to purposes the most destructive to human health and happiness. It is annually diminishing the vigor and longevity of the race. Besides, a modern city belle is a caricature on woman.

When first I saw the Venus de Medicis of the celebrated Canova, it seemed to me that the human form could never have been so perfect. The artist, I thought, must have drawn too largely on his imagination, and given us a specimen of what the race ought to be, rather than what it is. But on seeing, several years afterward, a German girl of about seventeen years of age, then recently from the fatherland, in all the fair and full proportions of untortured nature, and in all the beauty and bloom of untrammelled health, the truthfulness of the immortal sculptor became a settled conviction in my mind.

But Germany cannot be compared with Greece. The manners of the Germans, from the days of Tacitus till now, have been too coarse, and the

female has been too roughly handled, to produce the most perfect models of natural beauty. Their habits of out-door exercise are highly conducive to the full development of the female form; but German field labor does nothing toward heightening the personal charms of woman.

Aspasia was born on the shores of the Ægean Sea, the most beautiful country, and that blessed with the most delicate climate in the world. The customs of the country were exactly adapted to the full expansion of her physical being. It was the land, also, of philosophy, poetry, and song. Thales, the father of the Socratic school, and Homer, the master poet of the past, and Apelles, the most graceful painter of his age, and Parrhasius, the unrivaled delineator of life and manners, and many more whose names I have not space to mention, were all the countrymen of this celebrated woman. She lived, from infancy, in the midst of scenes and society sufficient to call out and perfect every female charm. The bland airs from the Euxine, after having breathed a thousand tender strains through the groves and gardens covering the flowery banks of the Propontis, wafted health and fragrance along the green shores of the Ægean. It is easy to imagine Aspasia, engaged in some of those domestic arts in which the Grecian ladies excelled, sitting under the long corridor on the shaded side of her father's mansion in Miletus, inhaling the sweet breezes as they come, at the same time profoundly meditating some of those splendid philosophical theories, in which she afterward became the teacher of philosophers themselves.

It is not difficult to discover the taste of a nation, or of an individual, especially of a female, by their dress. Beginning with the savage, who delights in high contrasts and gaudy colors, in spotted robes and silver bands, in every thing showy and striking to the sense, we gradually ascend till we reach the truly cultivated and refined, whose apparel may be beautiful but not ostentatious, rich but not gay, neat without being finical, and striking only for its fitness, propriety, and taste. The uncultivated mind desires to make a show; the refined sees nothing so beautiful as modesty; and this modesty, both of apparel and appearance, is, after all, the ruling charm of woman's loveliness, and the real talisman of all her success.

It is easy, then, to conceive what kind of an appearance the lovely Aspasia must have made. With her perfectly developed form, her neat and tasteful dress, her round full head, her black flashing eyes, her light olive cheek, dimpled by the fullness of health, with every facial curve expressly turned, as it would seem, by the hand divine, and all lighted up by the fire of an intellect created to instruct her age, she must have been regarded as a superior being in whatever sphere she moved. If our eyes had ever beheld the original creations of the chisel of

Praxitiles, or of the magic pencil of Zeuxis, we could form a clearer conception of that wonderful beauty, and of those refined and elegant graces, which at home charmed her friends and countrymen, and afterward dazzled and bewildered the metropolis of the civilized world.

But Aspasia was not merely a belle. Personal beauty was not her highest charm. The enchantment of her being dwelt in much higher state—in the power and brilliancy of her mind. From early youth she had devoted herself to philosophy and eloquence, and her progress soon became the astonishment of her friends. While yet a girl, she had no rival in her native city, and as she advanced in knowledge, in age, and in confidence, her conversational powers gradually unfolded, until, before she left Miletus, her gift of speech excited no less wonder, than the beauty of her person, or the strength and vivacity of her intellectual powers. The very words employed by other people, when formed by her organs of speech, and uttered by her voice, seemed to be another language; and Greeks themselves, daily accustomed to the most sweet, and sonorous, and musical flow of speech ever heard or produced by man, while listening to her rich tones and wonderful fluency, would lose themselves in admiration, and retire from her presence with a sort of spell lingering upon their minds.

Many of my readers have had similar experience in their native tongue. As a people, we are not very particular to express our thoughts correctly, to say nothing of good style. Nearly all of us speak our language as we eat our victuals, in so careless or hurried a manner, that it would be almost miraculous if we uttered five sentences consecutively, with any great propriety or beauty. The styles of pronunciation are about as numerous, as the individuals professing to speak the language. It is so common to hear the language spoken ungrammatically, that a person speaking it with correctness is everywhere, and I had almost said justly, regarded as a sort of literary wonder. So wearied are all persons of good taste, with our own ordinary modes of speech, with our coarse tones of voice, with our bad pronunciation, and with every thing that renders our fine language so grating even to our own ears, that it has become one of the richest of intellectual treats occasionally to listen to a person—some public speaker for example, whose voice and manner of speaking have been cultivated to any considerable degree. Such a speaker is always popular. No matter what he says, if he talk nonsense, not only the people, but the grave and the learned will flock after him, as if he were the messenger of a new revelation. They will sit for hours together, and hang upon his lips perfectly enchanted, because he has learned to call forth the latent beauties of their language, and utter them in tones at once appropriate and pleasing. I have myself listened to an orator, whose words

were so beautifully and clearly spoken, that I could easily fancy myself hearing the address of a superior being. The most common words, those most familiar to myself and to every one, seemed to be almost regenerated, and were really elevated and ennobled, so strangely beautiful, and rich, and forcible had they become under the transforming magic of his voice and manner. And such, only vastly more, was the charming Aspasia, before she left the house of her father, and the shores of the *Ægean*.

But the time has now come, when that house and those shores are abandoned for ever. The fame of Aspasia leaves her no more quiet. Her beauty, her knowledge, her depth, power, and brilliancy of mind, and then her eloquence more wonderful than all, have filled the world with the splendor of her name. It is impossible that she should longer remain in a distant colonial city. Athens itself must see and hear her. Nor does Athens want Aspasia more than Aspasia wants Athens. Athenian life is to be elevated by her precepts and example, and her great mind is to be still farther expanded, by the reaction of Athenian life and civilization.

When Aspasia entered Athens, that city was the presiding power in Greece, and Greece was the mistress of the world. Athens itself was governed by the assembly of the people, and that assembly was swayed at will, just as the soul within us moves and animates our limbs, by the great talents and powerful eloquence of a single man. That man, therefore, was virtually the monarch of mankind; and PERICLES, the personage referred to, had the penetration to realize his position, and appreciate his power. His word alone could rouse the flames of war from Athens to the most distant climes, put fleets and armies in rapid motion, and set the nations of the earth to butchering one another, with all the ferocity of savages or beasts. His word alone could reach those contending nations, hush the wild uproar of battle, silence the conflict of warring navies, and spread the white flag of glorious peace over the raging world.

At the period of which I am speaking, there was another individual at Athens, who has ultimately surpassed even Pericles in the exercise of power. I refer to the great moral philosopher, SOCRATES, whose daily conversations with the people acquired him so great an influence, that, at a subsequent and more dissolute period, the state was considered, by his enemies, to be in danger, so long as he had a day to live. But, in truth, the uprightness of his heart was equaled only by his remarkable diligence in doing good. While Pericles was living, the great moralist was second in influence to no other person; and wherever he appeared, both the aged and the young rose to their feet, and all voices were hushed to listen to the wisdom that ever dropped from his lips.

This, too, was the Augustan period in the history of Greece. Every department of civilization was

then carried to the highest point. Eloquence was in high repute, and there never had been a time when the Greek language was spoken with greater propriety, beauty, fluency, and power. Philosophy, handed down from Thales to Anaxagoras, and from Anaxagoras to Socrates, had just lifted the curtain that envelops the universe, and discovered much of the depth and breadth of creation, revealing in a great degree the Creator to the creature, and the creature to himself, by the light thus let in from the works of nature upon the human mind. With the new life opened to the soul by philosophy, the arts began a career closed up only by the universal admiration of mankind. Poetry led the way, and adorned the earth, air, and waters, with imperishable beauty. Painting, snatching her pencil in high emulation of her sister art, almost surpassed her in the pursuit of fame, by taking down these gorgeous pictures of the imagination, and rendering them visible to the common eye. But sculpture, raging with ambition, and resolved to outdo both, tore the very rocks from their everlasting beds, seized her chisel in a perfect ecstasy of genius, and, dashing off the redundant mass of earth and rock, brought out the forms of glorious beauty, that had for ages slept within. The loftiest creations of fancy she reduced to tangible and undecaying forms, and, as if vying with the workmanship of nature, gave us a finished model of our kind—a marble man.

With all these grand achievements before them, well might the fanciful Athenians imagine, that Minerva had begun in her chosen city a golden reign, which had already adorned all the public places with the noblest works of art; and well might that pretending stranger tremble, who, with the purpose of making any figure, should come to the great metropolis of philosophy, literature, and taste.

But, in coming into Athens, Aspasia did not tremble. She had learned the strength of her own faculties, and felt a noble reliance upon herself. She knew, it is true, that the administration of Pericles had filled Athens with the learned and ingenious of all lands. She immediately saw the commanding influence of the great Socrates, and that, too, in almost the very department of knowledge to which she had devoted her own powers. She beheld the sophists, and their vast sway in the city, and she might have reasonably quailed before such an array. But she quailed not, and great was the reward of her resolution.

I shall beg of the reader to pass over all of the incipient labors of Aspasia, immediately after her arrival. Whether she gave public lectures, and was thronged with an audience of statesmen, orators, philosophers, literati, and artists, and astonished her hearers by the depth and grandeur of her genius, and by her amazing beauty, and the elegance of her speech; or whether, by virtue of the fame that had preceded her, public assemblies were likely to be too

promiscuous and crowded to suit her purposes and convenience, it is not necessary at this time to inquire. But, to close my hasty sketch, I will present the reader with a little scene, which, as we may imagine from the historians of that period, was for years very frequently repeated.

In a retired section of the city stands a structure, moderate in size, but correct and elegant in its proportions, fitted up for the residence of such as might desire retirement and study. The long hall, passing through the centre of the building, opens, at the farther extremity, into a side room, ample in its dimensions, tastefully furnished, and lighted by lamps of dazzling beauty. Paintings, executed by the greatest masters, representing the glorious deeds of Pericles and of Athens, and displaying the splendor of the republic under his able and patriotic administration, are skillfully arranged against the high walls; while marble statues of the great and good, of naval officers and military commanders, of scholars, orators, and philosophers, the greater part of whom had been or were then the ornaments of the Periclean government, occupy the various niches formed by the peculiarly magnificent architecture of the age. Two statues I must not forget. They are of the whitest marble, and the work of the first artist of the day. They stand in near companionship, in two conspicuous recesses, on the same side of that highly ornamented room. They are the marble representatives of the two most distinguished friends of the occupant of this house.

That occupant, a lady of such transcendent beauty, that she might easily be mistaken for a Venus, with a modesty and grace of carriage, however, unknown to the Cyprian goddess, and with intellect beaming from every feature of her expressive face, sits between the two marble figures, discoursing with great ease and fluency with two persons, who seem to have come in, not so much for mutual conversation, as to spend their leisure in mutely listening to what their hostess may please to offer them.

Directing her conversation to the one, she speaks of the government of cities, of the proper management of revenues and disbursements, of trade and commerce, of the settlement and maintenance of colonies, of armies, of fleets, of walled towns and forts, of every thing, in fine, pertaining to the proper order and prosperity of a republic, either in peace or war. When Athens is named, her whole soul is set on fire. She deems it the centre, and thinks it might be made the head, of civilized nations. With great ardor she proposes a plan for the attainment of this end. Her eloquence now surpasses all bounds. The fire of her genius flashes like lightning from her eyes. Her principal auditor is impressed. Her words have taken hold of his soul. His ambition, his patriotism, his resolution, are roused to their highest point, and when her last

sentence dies away like the voice of an enchantress on his ear, he has declared a thousand times in his throbbing heart, that Athens shall be the mistress and glory of the world.

Turning, now, her attention to the other of her guests, she changes entirely the current of her remarks. With slow and measured sentences she introduces the sublime speculations of philosophy. She begins by placing man at once in the centre of the universe. Of that universe he is the living sensorium. Every thing above and around concentrates in himself. He was made for all things, and all things for him. His lower senses—his taste, touch, and smell, are abundantly gratified by a variety of objects in the world around him. His hearing is addressed by thousands of sweet sounds, by the universal minstrelsy of rejoicing nature, by that glorious paean that rolls downward, and rises upward, and flows in full harmony around us, from every created object, from every thing that has breath and life. His sight takes in the landscape, travels far and wide upon the wastes of ocean, and, from some beetling Olympian summit, surveys vast prospects of the great world about him. But, standing at the centre of the mighty sphere of creation, he looks still farther into the scenery of nature. He sends his vision, and with it his busy thought, to those far-off bodies that shine so resplendently in the heavens. Suns and systems roll and blaze in awful majesty above him. Ten thousand stars send down their softening influences upon him. All things address him as the only creature endowed with a capacity to understand their language, and his own correlative nature stands confessed, in the power he has of returning a fitting answer: for all the light and loveliness they lend him, he is capable of giving back again in tenfold splendor.

But, in a still higher strain of eloquence, she represents the mind of man as the intellectual centre of creation. All things having been created by an intelligent Being, there is nothing in nature that does not bear an intellectual impress. The wisdom, power, and goodness of the Creator, are beaming out from every thing above, around, and beneath us. The imagination—the faculty first developed and the leading power in our education, dwells upon the outward aspects of creation, and feeds upon the beautiful and sublime in the works of God. Beauty, like the dazzling light, comes pouring down upon it from above, and, trembling on every leaf and blushing on every flower, it impresses the imagination with a world of delightful pictures, thus imparting to the soul agreeable anticipations, and preparing it with a relish for enjoyments higher up in the scale of mind.

Truth, too, coming like a flood of radiance rushing to a centre, rouses up reason, and thought, and genius, which, with a combined reaction, send back upon the universe a glory not its own.

But nature is also to be regarded, not as merely

benevolently designed, but as a master-piece of benevolence, a perfect Plan of goodness, long revolved in the world's great Mind. That benevolence, so conspicuous both in the sum and details of creation, meeting us at every step, arresting the attention at every point, touches upon the holier element of our being, and gives heart and morality to man.

Look you, now, continues the eloquent lady, upon this glorious creation as a whole. Your physical senses perceive nothing but the properties of that which you call matter. But, tell me, what is matter? What is the interior essence, to which all these perceptible properties belong? You are silent. You await an answer. My answer is, that the essence of all matter is spirit. Subtract from any body its physical qualities, and spirit is the remainder. So, going out with this inquiry into the universe as one vast body, should you imagine all material properties to be removed or annihilated at a stroke, you have the one Great Spirit left. It is this Spirit that informs, infills, sustains, and upholds the physical universe. Let that all-pervading, self-existing, eternal, and almighty Spirit withdraw his presence, but for one moment, from the mightiest globe that rolls in the heavens, and that globe vanishes from existence in an instant. The universe, then, is this Spirit clothed by its own agency with perceptible properties—*perceptible*, for we know not how many qualities may pertain to his glorious nature, unperceived and *imperceptible* to man. The universe, I may rather say, is a revelation, perhaps only a very partial revelation, of the almighty Spirit; nor can we know that there may not be other modes of revealing, by which vastly more light shall be thrown upon the mind, held in reserve for a happier age.

Man, as we have seen, was made for the universe, and the universe for man. The one just fits the other, as well as any garment fits the person for whom it was designed. The universe, indeed, is the natural raiment, with which man is to invest his being; and naked are they all who neglect to put this glorious attire on. But he who, by profound study and meditation, inwraps himself in this beautifully flowered and starry mantle, will find it more than the fabled magic cloak, and, thus arrayed, will meet with a ready welcome to the very presence of the all-pervading ONE.

Man is, also, a microcosm, a world in miniature, his present existence, like the universe around him, being evinced by physical properties. But, take the properties from him, remove his bodily organization, and you have his spirit left. Man is, therefore, in his interior essence, a spiritual being. Besides, just as the Great Spirit is the only real substance of the universe, all else being but assumed properties, the spirit within man is the man himself, his body being only the material part put on for temporary convenience. Death takes off the

physical, and gives the spiritual another and a higher state. There is, then, another life. Death is not an eternal sleep. As there is a natural so there is a spiritual world; and when the spirit is made free from matter, it goes upward into that higher sphere, where it may range through the vast fields of knowledge, without this material veil between itself and truth. The grave is the resting-place of the body, but the spirit lives a pure and unsullied life above. From the nature of spirit, we know it will, in that higher state, be capable of visiting every portion of the universe; from its expansibility we see the vast improvement it will make in truth; from its immortality we learn to form conceptions, however below the fact, of the vast results included in the ultimate destiny of undying man.

As these last words were uttered, the second of the two listeners rose up, more abruptly than was his custom, and paced the ample room in a perfect transport of admiration, as if he could hardly hold the flood of new light let in upon his mind.

And here both the conversation and the scene must close. Here, also, I will conclude my hasty sketch. The reader, I know well, has seen through my little artifice all the way. The eloquent lady could be no other than Aspasia herself; and the two mute auditors were men, who kept silence nowhere, but when sitting within the charmed circle filled and ruled by her superior genius. One was Pericles, the first man in Athens, and the man to whom princes looked for clemency or favor. The other man was Socrates, whose presence was always the acknowledged sign for silence, to all within the sound of his instructive voice. But Aspasia, by their own confession—a confession confirmed by history—not only instructed them in their favorite pursuits, but held an ascendancy over their minds and conduct, both at that time and in after years. History records that the greatest of the schemes of the noble and patriotic Pericles were planned and pressed by his instructress; and, that Plato ever conceived the sentiments attributed to Socrates, his master, is sufficient evidence that the Athenian sage must have been faithfully disciplined, by one who could properly represent the doctrines of Thales, the great philosopher of Miletus. Aspasia was that happy person; and her influence will be felt while philosophy has a name among the studious and thoughtful of mankind.

Her fame is beyond all praise. From a humble station, in a distant colonial city, she rose by the force of her own genius, till, by swaying the two leading intellects of her age, she became the virtual though invisible governess of the world.

But the name of Aspasia has been maligned. The faction opposed to Pericles sought to injure him by aspersing her reputation; and the sophists, who were the avowed enemies of Socrates, scrupled not to sacrifice the fair fame of a noble lady, the benefactress of the world, could they but avenge themselves on

her pupil, who was rapidly casting both them and their influence to the ground.

But, worst of all, men of this age, professing to be scholars—men who have written many books for the instruction of the rising young, have not had the sense to make this simple discrimination between vituperation and truth. Let their folly and their books perish, before the good name of one such being should receive a taint at their hands! Was there ever a person of exalted talents—talents lifting him above his kind, that has not been the mark for every missile that envy and malignity could invent? Besides, it is truly surprising, that the scandal of jealous partisans, and the hired billingsgate of the low comedians, such as Aristophanes and Cratinus, should have had greater weight with our professed scholars and book-makers, than the unanswerable testimony of Plutarch and Plato!

I confess I have written these last words with the more warmth, because the victim was a lady. Whenever woman is traduced, learning itself deserves no mercy. It matters not who the individual may be. Woman's nature is too angelic, too gentle, too confiding, to be treated roughly. The man who is capable of an attempt to set a blot on the reputation of a female, is also capable of any other crime, even of robbery and murder. And what greater robbery can there be, what more heinous murder, than to despoil a lady of her character, and to destroy her credit with mankind?

Long live the memory of Aspasia! Let her name and fame be handed down to the latest generation! Let her virtues, her industry, her perseverance, and her success, be a pattern to every fair lady in the land!

LORD BYRON, at the age of thirty-six, had lost all affection for the human race, but thought the change was in the world, and not in him. Like a genuine misanthrope, which his follies and his excesses of every kind had made him, he had no relish for the ordinary enjoyments of the social state, but fled from society, as if it had been his great enemy. He always maintained, that long life was not desirable, and endeavored to cover up his misanthropy by a show of argument. He said age did not assuage our passions; it only changed them. Suspicion took the place of credulity, and avarice that of love. "No," said the disappointed libertine, "no, let me not live to be old; give me youth, which is the fever of reason, and not age, which is the palsy. I remember my youth, when my heart overflowed with affection toward all who showed any symptom of liking toward me; and now, at thirty-six, no very advanced period of life, I can scarcely, by raking up the dying embers of affection in that same heart, excite even a temporary flame to warm my chilled feelings." Let virtue take warning from this confession, and vice see the end of its fatal windings.

SATURDAY PENCILINGS.

BY MISS M. E. WENTWORTH.

SATURDAY! thrice welcome, cheerful Saturday! How many grateful associations thrill into being at the mention of this best day—next to the Sabbath—of the whole week! Happy holiday of my childhood! no lessons, no fear of ferules, or rods, or dog-eared books, unless compelled on this day to retrieve idleness of the school days. I cared little for the amusement of my sisters, and usually passed the day with a book, under a huge elm that shaded my father's door, alternately reading and watching the country people coming to market with their earth-attracted plough-horses and high-backed wagons, which contrasted strangely enough with the flaunting vehicles of my town neighbors. O, the yards of yellow ribbons and calicoes that came down weekly from Gotham—the square-toed boots and yellow brass buttons of the Voluntown gentry. I have not quite lost this penchant for the study of customs and dress, but have learned to look beyond the apparel for the graces of the mind, and the honest but unpolished gem of a noble heart.

Saturday! This was our composition day at the academy, and woe to the luckless Miss who fulfilled not the letter and spirit of the law. Saturday! Glorious day for my native village—dear Bean Hill. A spell be on those fashionables who would change thy tasteful name to any of the copper currency in names and titles that fill this mundane sphere! Crisper grows thy pork, and sweeter thy beans, the more thy legendary name is treasured in the hearts of thy inhabitants. Thou hast sent out sons and daughters innumerable, and the good city of Cincinnati smiles in prosperity on many to whom the dish of beans, crisped and hot from the oven, would come like the breath of elysian flowers on travelers in a dreary waste. Do you know, stranger readers of this delightful magazine, do you know our legend? No. Let me tell you. Seventy-one years ago, a place that lay hid in a copse of green and gold, in the glorious month of June, was alarmed by the yell of savages, and the tramp of a hundred feet that approached through thicket and glade stealthily, but surely, to bring terror and death to its inhabitants. With fearless hearts the men arranged their affairs, prepared the women and children, and noiselessly stole from the colony to their fort, a mile below, and so near to the church that the holy altars threw the defense of their God upon the garrison of a persecuted people. When night came on, they were found supperless, and many were weary and faint with the labor of the day. Mrs. Eliab Hyde, one of the company, generously proposed that if any one would go back to her house, they should bring from her oven, hot and sweet, a kettle of beans and pork, and two loaves of rye and Indian bread. Two

intrepid youths undertook the task, and stealing silently through the forest, achieved their desire, and with their treasure returned to the fort. At midnight, when the savages rushed from thicket and glade, their hideous yell startled only the night owl in his prowlings, and rung on nothing but the summer air; for safe within the shelter of the fort, and beneath the shadow of the holy of holies, the inhabitants of the colony were entering upon the duties of the Sabbath. That place was named Bean Hill from this event; and peace to the apostate who would change its antiquated title!

Saturday to-day! How gorgeously the mellow sunlight falls upon this sheet! Now a clouds flits over it, and hides for a moment its beauty. Far away to the southeast stretches that paragon of watering-places—that delightful refectory of black fish and lobsters, Watch Hill. Its white buildings, and the spire of its light-house loom up in the distance like an arisen ghost in the sepulchre of the dead. Here gleams the bright Atlantic enshrining the subdued splendors of an autumn sun—a sheet of silver in a mine of burnished gold. Here and there a white sail flutters in the breeze, and a sturdy keel parts the waves, leaving their white crest broken and ruffled as the wings of a dove stricken by the fowler.

Fast by the window of my room stands, or rather totters on its crumbling base, a time-ruined and dust-descending sanctuary—for twenty years the meeting-house of owls and bats—the terror of superstition, and the target of mischief. Its galleries are torn away, and its aisles filled with the decaying dust of its falling desk and pulpit. The altar has moldered from the holy place, and mingles its dust with mother earth. Hallowed memento of other days, "Peace was in all thy gates, and prosperity within thy walls!" Here was diffused a religion that sanctifies us to Christ, and makes us fit temples for the indwelling of his Spirit. Public sentiment had not yet made fashionable apparel an inseparable adjunct from public worship, and the lowly in heart trod reverently thy uncarpeted floors. Days of uncushioned seats, when people came early to church, and slept not in luxuriant ease, when staid and solemn music responded to the melodies of Watts and Wesley from the tremulous voices of the fathers and mothers in Israel—days of primitive purity and piety, where have ye fled affrighted at the pomp and vain-glory of this worldly generation? Alas! alas! for modern munificence! We worship in gorgeous temples, and the swelling organ mutters its deep bass, or humors its teachable keys. The eloquence of preaching and the sublimity of prayer fill our temples; but alas! that so few from the millions who come up to "the city of our God," come with hosannas on lowly lips to the Son of David. But molder on, old church. The angel of the covenant has recorded many fervent prayers breathed at your desecrated altar. Many who led your devotions in these

down-trodden seats have joined the innumerable band—the bounding pulse of youth, the vigor of manhood, and the faltering form of age. Ye who, Sabbath after Sabbath, came up to this city of Zion, who presented here your children for an ordinance which time and God's word have sanctified in your household worship, who knelt at this altar in penitence for sin, who ate of *that* body and drank of that blood, where are ye? and echo answers, where? "your fathers, where are they, and the prophets, do they live for ever?"

O, one by one those gray-haired men
Have dared the strife of death,
The parting pains, the changing pulse,
The last convulsive breath;
But still from trembling lips there came
Soft notes of peace and love,
And broken songs of victory
Swelled on the air above.
And blessings on the fearless few
Who, strong in ardent prayer,
Preserved the faith their fathers loved,
Through error, sin, and care.

Ye who doubted and feared, were you not led by still waters? Ye who saw no light in the dark valley, dawned not the Sun of righteousness upon the coming shadows of the tomb?

Saturday! sweet prelude to a day of rest in the temple of God! While the shades of night gather about the loveliness of this day, send up, my heart, your devout prayers to almighty God, "confessing your manifold sins and wickedness, that on the morrow ye may enter his gates with thanksgiving, and his courts with praise."

BEREAVEMENT.

BY MRS. E. L. B. COWDERY.

I HAD a sister. Kind and gentle she was, and, O, so loving. Together for eighteen summers, we were permitted to pluck some of the fair flowers which border on life's pathway. Hope's sun shone brightly on the distant future, as we thought, and one clear ray was pointed out, as beaming forth our happiness unsullied. A cloud—a deep, black cloud arose in our sky. We prayed that its darkness might not overshadow us, or if it did, for grace to bear its solemn reality. Sadly and anxiously we watched the rapid movement with which it seemed to advance toward us. On, still on, it came, and at last hovered over us, then broke.

'Twas a dreadful hour for spirits twined as closely as ours had been; it snapped the brittle cord which bound us as earthly sisters; and while one was winging her flight to the bright, upper world, the other was sinking in heart-rending grief. But yet, O, even then, we could rejoice in that Jesus was with her in the sundering hour, and I for the blessed assurance she gave of her victory over death.

I know that my sister's frail form is lying in a cold, damp grave; her dark eye is closed, and raven tress composed for ever; that I have pressed my lips to her pale, icy forehead for the last time; and that now her flesh is moldering away in corruption; yet amid all this, I do not, have not dared to murmur. "His ways are above our ways;" and although I fain would have had her to linger with me, that I might profit by her counsel, and keep warm my heart in the sunshine of her affection, yet it was doubtless in mercy that she was taken, while her heart was pure and warm, and her soul rich in intellectual beauty, and moved by the religion of the blessed Savior.

O, my heavenly Father, grant that when the summons comes to me, to leave this sorrowing world, that I, too, may die in triumph. And if there is a ministering spirit sent to cheer me, while crossing the cold, boisterous waves of death, I would that it might be that self-same sister, Jesus, to steer the helm of my frail bark, to sustain and comfort me in the desolate passage, and her notes of melody to echo my welcome to the world where glorified spirits dwell.

NATURE OF QUININE.

BY A QUACK.

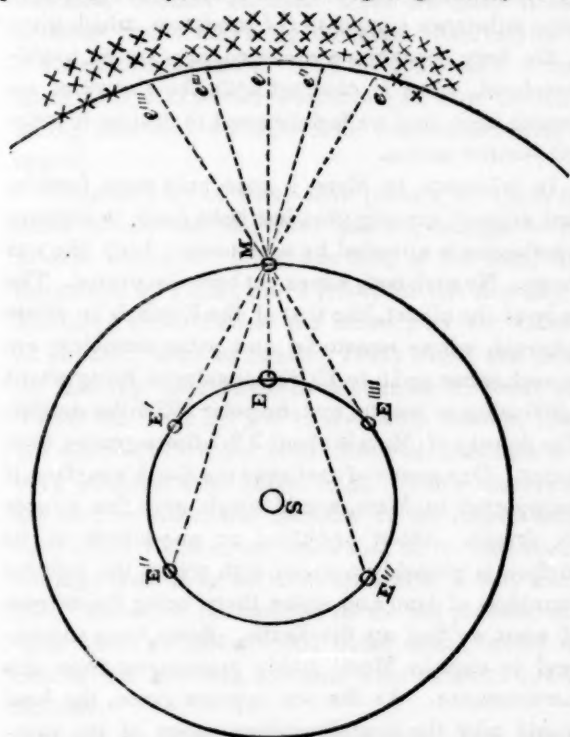
QUININE, as almost everybody knows, is an extract from Peruvian bark. There are only about forty ounces of the alkali quinine, or quinia, in one hundred pounds of the bark, even after its combination with sulphuric acid. The sulphate of quinia, or what is universally called quinine, was once almost wholly imported from France, because the acid was in that country very cheap. Now it is manufactured at home, as well as in many other countries. Its peculiar property is, that it is anti-periodic. It is beginning to be administered to many kinds of periodical diseases, besides the ague and intermittent fevers. An eastern physician has recently asserted, and given many instances in proof, that it is perfectly at war with any thing in the shape of periodical irregularity in the human system. We will only add, that the word, quinine, is almost universally mispronounced, not only here, but in other countries. From its origin, the Latin quinia, the letter *i* in both syllables is short. The French, following their own idiom, make the first one short and the second like *i* in machine, placing the accent, however, on the first. In this country the *i* in both syllables is generally made long, as in the word time. The true pronunciation is, to make both syllables short, pronouncing the word as if it were spelt quin-in. For this statement we have the authority of the original word, and the almost infallible sanction of Noah Webster.

MARS—ASTEROIDS.

BY PROFESSOR WATERMAN.

HAVING described those parts of the solar system which are within the Earth's orbit, we now come to those that lie beyond. From the fact of their orbits being wholly exterior to the Earth's, these planets have been denominated *superior* planets, to distinguish them from those which revolve interiorly, and are hence called *inferior*. The change of relative position in the object observed, from being within the Earth's orbit to beyond it, occasions considerable change in the apparent phenomena. If my fair readers will recollect what was said, in the article on Mercury, in reference to the inferior planets generally, they will find no difficulty in readily appreciating the cause of the apparent differences which will now be stated.

The inferior planets never depart far from the sun. The superior ones are found at all distances from him. The inferior planets assume all the phases of the moon. The superior ones never. (A slight variation in the case of Mars will be noticed in its place.) The inferior planets frequently transit the sun's disc. The superior ones cannot. The inferior planets appear to oscillate about the sun. The motions of the superior ones, though at times apparently retrogressive, are, upon the whole, progressive; so that, in time, they accomplish the entire circuit of the heavens. These, and other changes which might be mentioned, are all occasioned by the difference of position in the objects observed with reference to the Earth and sun. To illustrate this latter point more fully, let the following diagram represent



the Earth's orbit, with the sun in the centre, the orbit of one of the superior planets, and a portion of
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the sphere of the fixed stars. Let us suppose, for the moment, that the planet remains stationary at M, and that E, E', E'', &c., are different positions of the Earth in its orbit. When the Earth is at E, M will be seen among the stars at *e*. When the Earth is at E', M will be seen at *e'*, having appeared to move among the stars from *e* to *e'*. This motion is retrograde. But as the Earth moves round from E' to E''', M appears advancing, till it is found at *e'''*. From this point it will again appear to retrograde while the Earth is passing through that portion of its orbit contained between E''' and E'. As, however, this is much less than the remaining portion, M will appear advancing for a longer time than is occupied in retrogression. In this we have supposed M to be stationary, which is not the case. But inasmuch as the superior planets move with less velocity than the Earth, and in the same direction, we may take the difference of their velocities, and attribute that to the Earth. The result will be the same as if the Earth moved with that velocity, and the planet really remained at rest.

MARS.

The first of the superior planets is Mars. It may readily be distinguished from others by its ruddy appearance. The probable cause of this appearance will be noticed hereafter. Mars, when viewed through a good telescope, does not always present a round disc like Jupiter; but sometimes resembles the moon a day or two before or after the full. In other words, it is slightly gibbous. The cause of this is found in the fact that the angle formed by joining the Earth, Mars, and the sun, is sometimes quite considerable. And since the illuminated hemisphere is always turned toward the sun, we sometimes have something of a *side view*, or *semi profile*, of the planet. The dark part not being visible, the outline presented to us is somewhat of an oval form. The invisible part, however, is never very great. More than seven-eighths of the breadth of the planet is always seen.

Mars presents very great variation in its apparent size, as seen from the Earth. Being about 145,000,000 of miles distant from the sun, he is at times only 50,000,000 from us. At other times he is no less than 240,000,000. The consequence is, that at one time he appears twenty-five times larger than at the other! When nearest us his brilliancy is about equal to that of Jupiter. When most distant he is scarcely perceptible. These successive changes are periodical. The time occupied in passing from one to the other is about a year; so that, in the space of two years, he passes from brilliancy to indistinctness, and back through all the gradations of increasing splendor till he outshines the most brilliant of the fixed stars!

The orbit of Mars is 901,064,000 miles in extent; time of a revolution, one year three hundred and twenty-two days; mean rate in its orbit, 54,649 miles per hour; rotation on its axis, twenty-four

hours, thirty-nine minutes, twenty-one seconds; inclination to the ecliptic, $1^{\circ} 51' 6''$; eccentricity, about 1-21 of the transverse axis; or, Mars is 26,926,000 miles nearer the sun at one time than at another.

In reference to the physical constitution of Mars, but little is known with any thing like certainty. When viewed through the telescope, he presents the appearance of large spots on his surface. These vary in their color. Those near the poles are very much brighter than the other parts. Its axis being much more inclined than that of the Earth, its seasons must be much more marked than ours. And the fact, that in the polar regions there are but two seasons in its year, each of nearly twelve months' duration, led Herschell to a somewhat singular conjecture in regard to the polar spots just mentioned, and which he supposes to arise from *snow*. Says this distinguished observer, "In the year 1781 the south polar spot was extremely large, which we might well expect, as that pole had but lately been involved in a whole twelve months' darkness and absence from the sun; but in 1783 I found it considerably smaller than before, and it decreased continually from the 20th of May till about the middle of September, when it seemed at a stand. During this last period, the south pole had already been about eight months enjoying the benefit of summer, and still continued to receive the sunbeams, though, toward the latter end, in such an oblique direction as to be but little benefited by them. On the other hand, in the year 1781, the north polar spot, which had then been its twelve months in the sunshine, and was but lately returning into darkness, appeared small, though increasing in size." From these observations he concludes, "that the bright polar spots are owing to the vivid reflection of light from frozen regions; and the reduction of those spots is to be ascribed to their being exposed to the sun."

Has Mars an atmosphere? This is a question which has been warmly discussed on both sides. Herschell has given his opinion quite summarily. Says he, "It has been surmised to have a very extensive atmosphere; but on no sufficient or plausible ground." Dick, on the other hand, and many with him, have urged very strong reasons in favor of a very extensive and very dense atmosphere surrounding this planet. The latter is most probably the correct theory. And to this fact, perhaps, is owing the ruddy appearance of Mars' light. All have observed that our heavens, near the horizon, especially during the twilight, frequently exhibit a dead, reddish appearance. This is caused by the refracting influence of the Earth's atmosphere. A pencil of light entering the Earth's atmosphere horizontally with reference to the position of the observer, will be separated into its primary rays. As the direction of the pencil is in a line tangent to the Earth's surface at the point of observation, or nearly so, if a

part of the rays composing the pencil be much deflected, they will strike the Earth, and a portion of them be absorbed by it. The consequence is, that those rays only which are least deflected will reach the eye of the observer. The violet ray being the most refrangible, and the red the least, it follows that more of the violet rays will be absorbed and reflected than of the red; or, in other words, that the red tinge will predominate. This coincides exactly with observation. Let us apply this to the subject before us. A pencil of light from the sun falls upon Mars obliquely. On entering his very dense atmosphere it becomes separated into the primary rays. A portion of these is absorbed, and the remainder reflected. But from a known principle in optics, that the angles of incidence and reflection are equal, it would follow that, in a given pencil of light, the reflection of the different rays composing it would take place at very different angles. Moreover, after the separation, some of the most refrangible rays would strike the body and be reflected by it in another direction, while the least refrangible might not touch the body at all, and only have their direction changed by passing from a rarer to a denser medium. Should these latter, which are the red rays, reach the eye of a terrestrial observer, having been separated from their violet companions, they would cause every thing to appear of a ruddy hue, or, more correctly speaking, their light would be of that tinge. Supposing both of these circumstances combined, and we have no difficulty in accounting for the "ruby light" of this celestial companion of the Earth. The conjecture of Herschell, endorsed though it be by Nichol, that the body of Mars is composed of some substance similar to *red sandstone*, which gives it the fiery appearance observed, appears so unphilosophical, when in contrast with the theory of refracted light, that we feel disposed to dismiss it without further notice.

In reference to Mars, I need only state further, that diligent investigation has been made to discover whether he is attended by a secondary body like our moon. No such body has as yet been discovered. The body of the planet, like that of the Earth, is an oblate spheroid, whose equatorial and polar diameters are to each other as 16 to 15, the equatorial being about 4,200 miles in length, and the polar 263 miles shorter. The density of Mars is about 3 2-7 times greater than water. One pound of matter at the Earth's surface, if transported to Mars, would weigh only five ounces six drams. About one-third or one-fourth of its surface is probably covered with water, the relative quantities of land and water there being the reverse of what we find on the Earth. Some have endeavored to explain Mars' ruddy appearance from this circumstance. As the sea appears *green*, the land would take the complimentary colors of the spectrum; and being greater in extent, the reddish hue would be the dominant one. This, however, is by

no means a satisfactory explanation of the phenomenon.

ASTEROIDS.

No one who has ever made the divine works a subject of study, can avoid the conclusion that *order* everywhere rules. This instructive lesson has been so deeply impressed upon the minds of some, as to lead, in cases where an apparent want of order to any extent was visible, to investigations in relation to the cause. And in more instances than one, have such investigations been rewarded with the richest discoveries. One of the most striking illustrations of this we find in the case of the celebrated German astronomer, BODE. The distance between the orbits of Venus and the Earth is about 27,000,000 miles; between that of the Earth and Mars about 50,000,000, or nearly double the preceding; between Mars and Jupiter 350,000,000; between Jupiter and Saturn 411,000,000; and between Saturn and Uranus 894,000,000. This illustrious astronomer was struck with the fact, that, with the exception of the interval between Mars and Jupiter, *the interval between the orbits of any two planets is about twice as great as the inferior interval, and only half the superior one.* This regularity led to the supposition that the order was not really broken; but that between Mars and Jupiter an undiscovered planet was circulating. This suggestion set the astronomical world to observing, when, lo! instead of one, *four* new planets were found revolving within this space, and all very contiguous to each other. The mean distance of the four from the sun being about 250,000,000 of miles, the law of planetary distances, as just announced, became verified. Here we have a stupendous result following the close observations of a discriminating mind. But for some such a one, these four diminutive sisters might now be wandering unheeded through their untracked course in space!

The discovery of these four planets, to which the name of *asteroids* has been applied, belongs to the present century. *Ceres*, the first of the four, was discovered by Piazzi, at Palermo, on the first day of January, 1801; *Pallas*, the second, by Dr. Olbers, of Bremen, 28th of March, 1802; *Juno*, the third, by Harding, near Bremen, September 1, 1804; and *Vesta*, the last, by Dr. Olbers, 29th March, 1807. No others have since been observed, although it is very probable that others exist. Those discovered are all very small, the diameter of the largest being only about 1,600 miles, while that of the smallest, if we may trust some eminent observers, is only about 270. Mercury, the smallest of the old planets, contains about 17,000,000,000 cubic miles, while the sum of the asteroids amounts only to about 5,000,000,000.

From the diminutive size of these *little sisters*, and their great distance from us, but little is known, with certainty, of their physical constitution. They

present, however, some remarkable peculiarities, which we shall notice.

1. Their orbits are more inclined to the ecliptic than any of the other planets. The inclination of Mercury's orbit is little more than seven degrees ($7^{\circ} 0' 9''$.) The next in point of magnitude is Venus, which amounts to three degrees and twenty minutes, while that of Uranus is only forty-six minutes. But in the asteroids the angle of inclination, in some cases, is as great as thirty-four degrees.

2. Their orbits are much more eccentric. While the orbits of the older planets differ but little from circles, these present the phenomena of elongated ellipses. In one instance, that of Pallas, the eccentricity amounts to no less than 64,516,000 miles, or about one-eighth of the whole transverse axis!

3. Two of these exhibit the singular phenomenon of intersecting orbits. The mean distance of each from the sun is the same, being about 263,000,000 of miles. But as the eccentricity of one is very much greater than the other, the lesser axis of the latter is consequently greater than that of the former. This causes the two orbits mutually to intersect each other.

4. All the asteroids revolve at nearly the same mean distance from the sun. Vesta's mean distance is about 225,000,000 of miles, Juno's 254,000,000, Ceres' 263,000,000, and Pallas' also 263,000,000.

5. The periodic time of their revolutions around the sun is nearly the same. The difference of times between Ceres and Pallas is but a single day; that of the former being four years, seven months, and ten days, and the latter four years, seven months, and eleven days.

6. They are all *very much smaller* than the old planets. As stated before, the smallest of the old planets contains more than three times the mass of all the asteroids put together. In fact, the largest of the four is not quite as large as our own moon.

7. They differ from all the older members of the planetary system, in the extent of their atmospheres. Ceres is surrounded by an exceedingly dense atmosphere, which extends to the distance of 675 miles from its surface. So dense is it that many eminent observers have thought it consisted of the same material as the body of the planet itself, only more diffusive, and that they had here detected nature in the very act of forming worlds. We shall have occasion to speak of this more at large in a subsequent number, when we come to review the theory of La Place respecting the formation of the universe.

From the various peculiarities above noticed, many eminent astronomers have supposed that these refractory sisters were the fragments of an older and larger planet which revolved in their immediate vicinity. Of the plausibility of this theory we shall take occasion to speak more at large on another occasion. Man may observe *facts*. He may, from those facts, deduce certain conclusions as probable truth.

But for complete assurance we must wait for the investigations of the spirit world. We cannot believe that any thing which bears the impress of infinite Wisdom will escape ultimate observation and correct understanding. Amid the infinite variety of God's works, the intellectual part of man's nature may find an eternal feast, while the emotions rising into rapturous adoration at each advance in true knowledge, will cause the tongue to break out in new strains of praise and glory throughout the ceaseless ages of a blissful eternity. Who would not be a child of God, and an heir of such an immortality?

"The hand of God
Has written legibly what man may know,
THE GLORY OF THE MAKER. There it shines,
Ineffable, unchangeable; and man,
Bound to the surface of this pigmy globe,
May know and ask no more. In other days,
When death shall give th' encumbered spirit wings,
Its range shall be extended; it shall roam,
Perchance, among those vast, mysterious spheres—
Shall pass from orb to orb, and dwell in each,
Familiar with its children—learn their laws,
And share their state, and study and adore
The infinite varieties of bliss
And beauty, by the hand of Power divine
Lavished on all his works. Eternity
Shall thus roll on with ever fresh delight;
No pause of pleasure or improvement; world
On world still opening to the instructed mind
An unexhausted universe, and time
But adding to its glories; while the soul,
Advancing ever to the source of light
And all perfection, lives, adores, and reigns
In cloudless knowledge, purity, and bliss."

PIETY WITH CHEERFULNESS.

BY REV. M. SMITH.

WHILE our thoughts are gently passing over the world, variegated scenes appear before the mind. There is contained, in the material universe, much that is lovely and interesting. But in the most distant islands of the sea, together with the greater lands, evidences of inconstancy and change are everywhere presented to view. All these give support to the truth of revelation, that sin has entered into the world.

Primeval life and glory commenced in Eden's lovely bower. Life's morning dawned. The rising king of day had kissed the tree of life, and bathed in golden glow the sweet groves of bliss. The innumerable songsters of heaven mingled in soft harmony; strange music stirred with life the air of Paradise, while they spread their wing to the breeze, lingering in ecstasy around the beautiful beings for whom was reserved the image of God—beings, of whom the poet has said,

"Of noble shape they were—erect and tall—
Godlike erect, with native honor clad:
For contemplation *he*, and valor formed—
For softness *she*, and sweet attractive grace."

Hand in hand they stood rejoicing in the beneficence, wisdom, and infinite love of that Being, who had, from utter nothingness, spoken all things into existence. Soon all is changed. Sin entered, and, in transgression, struggled to silence the still voice of Heaven's mercy. Hope, restless, plumed its flight, and bade the world farewell. Despair spread its dark wing of death over their moral sky. Gloom, now augmenting, rolled its rayless cloud of night upon a thousand distant mountains. Doubtless, angels were there, surveying with deep regret the ruins of a fallen world. But happy deliverance came. And, after all, how humble and how thankful should we be at the remembrance that there is a door for our escape, which has opened up a living way to life without death, day without night, and joys fadeless and unending! The moral unadaptation of the soul for this heavenly life can now be changed through the merit of the Savior. *Piety*, true, living, and faithful, will soon bring its possessor to God and the pleasures of heaven.

The importance of a right state of heart, in order to secure moral impressions and religious truths, is clear and conclusive. True piety, in firm belief, comprehends just conceptions of the being, attributes, and providence of God, with suitable aspirations of mind to him, and, as far as possible, striving for assimilation to his moral perfections, with humble and continued obedience to his will. No one can, for a moment, doubt but that knowledge, veneration, love, and resignation are all essential to the character as a true Christian. And surely no effort should be abandoned which is calculated, under grace, to peacefully adorn the undying spirit with all those Christian attainments so requisite to its true happiness and dignity here, and the fadeless joys of a peaceful immortality. It is true religion that gently binds the heart and mind to the happy relationship which we sustain to God and future bliss. To approach the burning plain of *Deserta Libya interioris*, could not be more horrifying to the startled eye of the lone traveler, than the presence of religious associations and enjoyments to that soul destitute of a knowledge of the Savior.

True piety is so far removed from marring the enjoyments of private and social life, that it sweetly blends the milder traits of courtesy, affability, and the like duties, elevating the harmony of mutual dependence and unity of sentiment. Charity and forgiveness are truly amiable and useful duties of social beings. This heavenly principle teaches humility of feeling in the smaller circles, and in the more extended range—in humble associations, as well as the more hospitable alliance—the care of a friend and the amiable, disinterested duties we owe to the stranger and to our enemy. If the exercise of these harmonized principles, when moved with compassion, are beheld with approbation and delight, how lovely and transcendently glorious must those appear, which result from true philanthropy, when

calm and dispassionate! Truly this principle was originally designed, and is constitutionally bound in the common rights and connections of society; but it is reserved for religion alone to elevate it to impartiality, and make it efficient in embracing all mankind, regardless of sect, party, or nation. Notwithstanding all the opposition of the world, the Christian has the confidence of both the good and the vile, to a greater extent, than if he were identified with any other class. Under such reflections, how tranquil is the mind when stayed upon God! But how it rises with still more spirit-stirring energy at the remembrance that all sorrow will soon be for ever past!

True knowledge and desire are always advancing toward the future, while gathering up the diamond treasures of brilliant hope, which are cast around us as lights from eternity. It tends to elevate, expand, and give efficiency and power to the development of intellect. Contemplation is boundless. How wonderful the capacity of thought! The passage of a ray of light from the sun to us, in flight of time, is quite limited; but thought can pass to the sun, survey the dominions of old Olympus, range the field of Mars, step the casually explored zodiac, sweep over the trembling fires of the celestial concave, mount the chariot of ascending flight, drive to the throne of God, and lodge its onward ray upon the farthest revolving world, without calculation of either time or space. What cannot the soul, so incomprehensible in the power of its faculties, enjoy, if happy in God! Already it sends out its thoughts of future bliss, as faithful pioneers upon the long, interminable road before it. Experimental religion revealed in the heart can only constitute these powers free and happy for ever.

Another duty identified with piety is that of always possessing a *cheerful spirit*. Gloomy feelings, when oft indulged, end in indifference and ingratitude to God. Care upon this subject seems to be more lightly esteemed than upon almost any other Christian duty. Every exertion should be used to keep the mind cheerful and happy. When prayer is offered up to a throne of grace, it should be with sprightliness of feelings, but with solemn and humble gratitude to God. A gloomy and distrusting prayer does not seem to be either acceptable to the Lord or profitable to the soul. We should weep and mourn over our imperfections and crimes, but never indulge one impatient or unkind feeling toward our heavenly Father. We can always possess this kind of spirit, by constantly bearing in mind that our present condition might be far worse. Contemplate spirits lost in their gloomy, dark abodes in the eternal world, where justice long since would have fixed our suffering homes. Then turn with tearful eye to the cross: behold the sufferer there: hear the tones of mercy sweetly fall, with heavenly influence, on the soul; and let the heart melt with humble gratitude and love, while Jesus spreads light over the

variable spirit. O, happy privilege! who will not enjoy it? Rejoice in the Lord always—rejoice with thanksgiving. All sorrow, pain, and death will have an end. But the pious soul shall live on. Bursting its earthly confinement, it will soon assert its undying nature and eternal victory beyond the gloom of life and the still night of the grave.

THE CITY COQUET AND THE COUNTRY PASTOR.

BY MISS M. E. WENTWORTH.

FULL fifteen minutes the bell of the little church in Peacedale had announced its sweet invitation to the worshipers of God, and still the family of Mr. Harris were detained. What could it mean? Himself and family the most punctual attendants upon divine ordinances, Mr. Harris deemed tardiness at church one of the most heinous of little sins. He stood impatiently with his hand upon the door, and Mrs. Harris wondered what Ellen could be doing, and Mary Harris, whose simple but really elegant toilet had been long completed, hastened to the dressing-room of her friend to assist, if necessary, her preparations. Hair oil, cologne, tooth powders, and combs were scattered carelessly over the toilet, while a beautiful brush was lying on the floor with the wardrobe that had escaped in the greatest confusion from her traveling trunk.

"Ellen, dear, papa is waiting and is very impatient. He does so dislike being late at church."

"Well, Mary, I am almost ready, and, dear me! I am quite out of breath now. It is so unpleasant to get ready for church. I dread it. I have nothing in the world that looks fit to wear."

Mary cast her eyes over the profusion of dresses of various kinds that strewed the chairs, and were hung about the disordered room. She said nothing; but her quick eye detected that her friend was described in the few words, "The more she has, the more she is dissatisfied with her possessions."

Ellen Dale was soon ready, and the girls descended to the parlor. There was the greatest possible contrast in the appearance of the two. Mary Harris, with her book muslin, made in the most faultless fashion, but without ornament of bow or ribbon, and her happy face looking out from that most becoming of all female hats, a cottage gipsy, and Ellen Dale with a tournure of remarkable size, and a gaudy silk, and a flaunting hat, decorated, as one might say, to death, with laces, and bows, and flowers. She was just such a one as would attract attention in a country church; and her toilet had been made in especial reference to this purpose. Mortified at the lateness of the hour, Mr. Harris proceeded silently to church, and with the most noiseless manner escorted his ladies to the upper part of the house

to their seat. Ellen Dale swept up the aisle with a pride of step peculiar to herself, and in no degree lessened by the thought that many eyes might be upon her. But, contrary to her hopes, she had remained at home so long as to defeat the very purpose for which she had come. It was the first prayer. Every head was bowed. Thoughtless persons are not ashamed to bow before the Lord in his holy temple; and Mr. and Mrs. Harris and Mary knelt with peculiar reverence as they entered their own slip. But Ellen Dale, poor Ellen Dale sat alone, with her head firm through all the solemn invocation of those young and burning lips. A spark of the Spirit caught from the glory of the throne fell on that worshipping assembly as they followed their young and earnest pastor through his morning prayer; and truly it seemed that the lips of the choir had held blessed communion with the Father of lights as they sung that most beautiful of the sweet Wesley's hymns—

"Talk with us, Lord, thyself reveal,
While here o'er earth we rove;
Speak to our hearts, and let them feel
The kindlings of thy love."

"Be not conformed to this world," said the deep-toned orator of that humble pulpit, and a sermon followed these words of the apostle, which, for holy zeal and plain earnestness, Ellen Dale thought she had never heard equaled. She returned home, if not a better person, resolved to look upon the course of her past life, and, by the grace of God, to improve the time to come more like a rational and accountable being. With such parents and such an education as Mary Harris had received, she would have been a self-denying Christian. But she was the only daughter of worldly and ambitious parents, and her whole life had been a chase after the fashions and amusements of the world. Educated at a fashionable boarding-school, and the belle of a populous town, it is not possible to conceive that serious impressions could long remain upon her mind unless removed from the influences which nurtured directly the reverse feelings. Vain Ellen Dale certainly was. Coquettish, why should she not be? The families of Messrs. Dale and Harris had been always intimate; and though the girls had been friends from their childhood, yet the disparity in their natures and pursuits had prevented that intimacy which might otherwise have existed. Ellen Dale made known her resolutions to her friend, and she gladly promised to assist her in finding that pearl of great price, "the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit." Doubly sacred their friendship became as their pursuits blended more and more in the same direction. Instead of wasting her mornings in bed, and her afternoons with novels or profitless conversation, Ellen Dale turned herself to put in order her abundant wardrobe, and to restore from chaotic confusion a toilet of the most profuse liberality. The pastor,

Mr. Grange, was a frequent caller at Mr. Harris'; and the quick eye of Ellen Dale detected that he was no unlover-like admirer of the graceful Mary, and that the young minister was by no means an intruder, let him come at what time he would. A blush and a smile always awaited him from Mary Harris. To Ellen Dale he was coldly polite. Perhaps he understood her character as a coquet, and had not sufficient charity for her professed reformation.

Time went on. The one week which Ellen Dale had allotted to her visit at Mr. Harris' had lengthened to a month, and a superficial observer would have admired the change that had been wrought in the vain and giddy girl in that brief period. No one could exceed her propriety in every word she uttered. Her attendance upon church was extremely strict, and a few drops of rain, which before would have been deemed an excuse to stay at home, now only made her the more eager to be present at church. Perhaps it was that the young minister was sure to escort her home, or perhaps (let us hope the best for human weakness) it was real piety. Mr. Grange was evidently paying the strictest attention to Mary Harris or Ellen Dale. All the parish said so. Which was it? Reader, he was an engaged man! But, alas for beauty! alas, that even devotion can be so blind to the merit of true modesty! There was a statue-like coldness about Mary Harris almost repulsive until you had learned to love her for the goodness that slept so quietly beneath. Ellen Dale was all soul—the most affectionate of impulsive beings. Was the lover false to the day-star of his dream, or did he wander, that poor Mary Harris sat alone in her room, while the young minister and Ellen Dale sat in the parlor below? He was sitting near her. His calm eyes, now lighted with the eloquence of love, bent upon her; and his thrilling voice asked, "Ellen, will you love me?"

"What a preposterous question, Mr. Grange! I thought you were engaged to Mary Harris, and here you are passionately making love to me as if you were Don Quixotte."

"I did think I loved Mary Harris; and if her heart was as susceptible—if—if I thought my love was returned as impetuously as I love, Mary Harris, next to Ellen Dale, would be my choice. But, Ellen, you give me no answer. I have nothing to offer you but my heart. A name I mean to have; but for years to come my life must be humble. Can you be a country pastor's wife?"

"And make pinafores for the Sunday scholars, and sing psalms at prayer meeting? Really, it is an inviting prospect. Pardon me, Mr. Grange, if I have wounded your feelings," she added, seeing a blush of indignation upon his pale cheek. "I am serious now. You have mistaken me wholly. I am not suitable for your wife. Mary Harris is just such a little body as you need—pious and graceful enough to knead bread or entertain company."

"But," interposed Grange, "what have you meant by inviting my attention and preferring my society to the admirers that have fluttered about you since you have been here?"

"Precisely this: I perceive you are ignorant of the world. You were the most eligible of all the train for a beau; and, just to tease Mary, and see how much her piety was above her jealousy—you understand me?"

"Yes," answered Grange, with a shudder of disgust; "but this change of heart—"

"Nothing easier managed! But I am in nothing different than when I left home, except that I had a few pious wishes when I first came here; but they vanished as soon as I formed the idea of making a conquest of you!"

"But I really love you, Ellen, and I feel that much depends upon you for my future happiness."

"I am positively sorry for you, Mr. Grange. You were engaged to Mary Harris, and I must say you are rightly punished for being so easily led from your shrine by a giddy girl like me. Upon my word, I like you, and if you were any thing but a parson, you would do. But I am yawning, and must bid you good night. I return to the city to-morrow."

Mr. Grange was early at Mr. Harris' on the following morning; and Ellen Dale took her leave of him in such a manner as to excite his hopes. Like a charmed bird, he followed her to the city in a few weeks, to renew his hopeless suit; but alas for the folly of such an ill-assorted attachment! he was indignantly repulsed from the door as a stranger; and Ellen Dale, in the midst of the winter, sent a mocking letter to the parish of Peacedale, requesting her publishment to be read in the church. This rejection, together with the ill-concealed indignation of the parish at the conduct of their hitherto dear pastor, operating upon a most sensitive nature, prostrated the victim of gossip and coquetry to a lingering and stubborn illness, in which he was removed from his inconvenient and noisy boarding-house, (the hotel,) to the quiet and commodious residence of Mr. Harris. Mary Harris had borne to the last the triumph and unconcealed joy of Ellen Dale over her mortification; but when she told her that Grange confessed he thought he loved her, but she was cold and passionless, the whole of woman's nature was aroused, and she inwardly resolved that she would blot out for ever from her memory an attachment which was likely to be the cause of everlasting unhappiness to her. When did woman ever succeed in such an attempt? There may have been deceit, unrequited affection, and even the most painful fickleness of attachment; but if the woman loved constantly at first, it is a principle that no after affection can uproot.

Mr. Grange rapidly recovered. Perhaps his convalescence was accelerated by the consciousness of who his assiduous nurse was. Mary Harris forgot

all resentment in the deep penitence of her lover, and his humiliating confession. They were eventually married; and though the love of Mary Harris was like the quiet light of a constant star, it was a light that shone more and more unto the perfect day; and as Mr. Grange became a great and good man, year after year, he blessed God for the calm, holy, and beautiful influence which his passionless wife shed over the happiest of households and the most peaceful of all parishes.

SCENERIES OF AN EVENING.

BY J. W. ROBERTS.

THERE are some particular events, actions, circumstances, and scenes through which we pass, that peculiarly attract our attention, and engage our feelings, and upon which the mind dwells with unusual interest, and to which we refer with pain, pleasure, wonder, or admiration, accordingly as the subject is calculated to inspire our nature. It is a scene of this kind—one which made a deep impression on my mind, and on which my thoughts are wont to dwell with uncommon feeling—that I now endeavor to portray. And perhaps this mixed effusion of fancy and reality may meet a response in some kindred spirit.

It was a beautiful evening, and I walked out to gaze on the loveliness of the scenery. Nature seemed in one of her happiest moods. The sun had just fallen back "behind the western hills." His parting beams, like golden spires, shot up and played along the hesperian sky, and penciled in most gorgeous hues the bright blue canvas of the vault of heaven; and all the bright and glowing tints above were mirrored on the glassy bosom of calm, unruffled waters. I cast a look over the surrounding landscape. There all was beautiful. The verdant plant spread out its tiny folds or ample leaves to catch the evening breeze that gently o'er it played. The flower raised its drooping head to be refreshed by drinking in the soft distilling dews. A zephyr breeze played round its fragile form and trembling leaves, and, laden with its odors sweet, passed onward with a gentle sigh, just whispering as it fled away. For sometime I gazed upon this scene with unmingled pleasure; and when the evening shades grew dim, I cast a look upward to the arch of heaven. There the tiny star, "not seeming larger than the diamond in a lady's ring," twinkled like a little spark hung out by some kind hand to light and cheer the nightly path of man. Larger and still larger it grew, while myriads more around it shone as darker grew the shades of night.

What a scene for reflection this! Those heavenly orbs, were they the handiwork of God? and are they, too, with beings filled like earth? or trod by those of

finer mold? or yet the blissful home of saints, who from our world have soared in happy flight? That they are God's own works, no reasoning being can for a moment doubt. The design manifested, the order of their arrangement, and the exactness of their movements, prove this beyond controversy. None but a God could design and create thus. Are they inhabited? This point must remain in uncertainty: on it we can only arrive to probable conjecture. But that they exist for some wise purpose is beyond all doubt, as the all-wise Being who created them could only create them for such an end.

With thoughts like these my eye and mind still wandered through the realms of space; and bold imagination up through trackless ether's regions sped. From star to star, and world to world freely my fancy fled on, until, at last, mid worlds unnumbered, and through "sunlit systems" vast, it pierced the universe, and on the topmost world of light flitted round the eternal throne, where reigns the great almighty Power that spans creation's whole. I paused, and looked, and saw, centred in his hand, the reins of the empire of the universe. O what a potent one is he! At his nod all systems forward move, and at his word the moving worlds stand still. With one expansive glance, he looks on all, in all, and through all. All time, all space, all thought, and all eternity are at once present with him who sits upon the throne.

Lost in the mazes of this wondrous scene, and filled with awe sublime at contemplating such unbounded majesty, my thoughts on speedy wing their backward flight commenced, and having joined with sight, when near the earth, dwelt on a scene familiar. A dark cloud had gathered in the west. Its towering head rose dark, vested with a gentle fringe of white. Its jetting points, like mountain crags, hung darkly o'er its sides, and, in streams of glaring fire, beneath their shade, the vivid lightning blazed. Hoarse muttering thunders, too, broke on the listening ear. I observed the coming storm, watched all its movements, and noted its approach; and when it came near, I returned to my room and seated myself by my window, to watch its further progress. The cloud continued to expand and widen, until the whole heavens were shrouded in a pall of black mantling darkness. The scene became majestic, then terrible. Flash followed flash in quick succession, until at length the liquid fire blazed forth in streams unceasing. Louder and still louder, the bold thunder, peal on peal, rent through the air. Then came the wind, on whose light wings Jehovah's footsteps fell, and his "pavilion roundabout" was waters dark. Thick clouds his chariot was. His coursers were the "swift-winged lightnings" bright, which, guided by his hand, sped the dark heavens across. The storm at length broke forth. The wind swept fearless by: the rain in torrents fell: the thunder deeply rolled: the forest bent beneath the tempest's might:

the giant oak fell prestrate with a crash, or sent his branches forth in winged flight upon the mighty blast. For one full hour the storm in fury howled, then spent its wrath, and ceased.

The clouds fled fast away, and, soon, their darkening shadows ceased to hang around; and, as they rolled in hurried flight toward the east, the full-orbed moon burst forth. Her gentle rays fell softly on the earth. The verdant plants beamed in her light, while radiant drops, that hung from every tree, and bush, and shrub, and flower, shone like some sparkling gems bending from a leafy stem. Her silvery mantle "all things clad," and painted all the view in loveliness. A calm, the sweetest, rested now upon the face of heaven, which smiled as though no storm had ever traced its silent paths. The scene was so enchanting I walked out to enjoy it. I paused to look for the storm. The clouds were laying along the eastern horizon—the lightning still playing with its wonted brilliancy—the thunder still muttering in surly tones. I gazed on the loveliness and beauty of the scenery around me. My thoughts in meditation rose to Him in adoration, who had so visibly manifested himself in his works. And in communion with nature's God I drank sweet draughts of contemplation, which were as "the dew upon Mount Hermon," and delightful beverages to the soul.

LAND OF BEAUTY! LAND OF LIGHT!

BY REV. T. HARRISON.

THERE'S a glorious land on high,
Far beyond the star-lit sky:
All things there are fair and bright:
Land of beauty! land of light!

Living splendor beameth there;
Holy fragrance fills the air;
All is rich with spotless white:
Land of beauty! land of light!

There no angry tempest blows;
No red bolt the thunder throws;
No dread gloom is spread by night:
Land of beauty! land of light!

There the holy mountains are,
And sweet valleys, stretched afar:
There are rivers, pure and bright:
Land of beauty! land of light!

Radiant verdure decks the ground:
Lovely flowers rejoice around:
All is glorious to the sight:
Land of beauty! land of light!

TRUTH, like its glorious Author, is the same
Amid the world's ten thousand changeful scenes.

FRIENDSHIP.

BY REV. R. W. ALLEN.

"List how mournfully the breeze
Sighs amid yon leafless trees;
Gently now—now rising high,
It sweeps along the darken'd sky.
See those branches, rude and bare,
That in summer look'd so fair,
And their yellow leaves are found
Strewed upon the frosty ground.
Methinks the hollow murmuring blast
Tells me that the summer's past—
Tells me that the winter's nigh—
Tells me all that live must die.
Is there naught can pleasure give?
Is there naught that will outlive
The raving storm and chilly blast,
And shine more bright when winter's past?
Yes, friendship is the social flower,
That will outlive the wintry power:
It droops not when the heat of June
Beats down intense at pitch of noon;
It fades not when the summer's past;
It dies not in the wintry blast;
The frosts of age it does not fear,
But blooms alike throughout the year.
So, when misfortunes on us crowd,
And wintry storms our prospects shroud,
A social friend imparts a joy
That ruthless time can ne'er destroy:
The bond of friendship lasts for ever,
Nor time, nor age that bond can sever."

FRIENDSHIP consists in mutual affection, and proceeds from intimate acquaintance, and a reciprocation of kind offices, or from a favorable opinion of the amiable and respectable qualities of mind. But it always exists in connection with virtue. This gives it its excellence. Says Sallust, "There can be no friendship without virtue; for that intimacy, which among good men is called friendship, becomes faction, when it subsists among the unprincipled." Friendship is one of the essential elements of real felicity in social life. It holds a conspicuous place among the social virtues, and furnishes one of the richest ornaments to human character.

How little of true friendship we find in the world! How few are prepared for its possession and enjoyment! In some an inveterate selfishness predominates: in others the sordid love of gain. Some are ardent enough in their affections; but they are unstable, constantly attracted by new objects, displeased without offense, and "alienated without enmity." Others are flexible in their character, easily influenced by reports, and ready to listen to every suspicion which envy or flattery may present. Some despise the advice of friends, and are more willing to do wrong following their own judgment, than to follow that of others and do right. Others are concealed in all their plans and purposes, and you know nothing of them but in their execution. Some are

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communicative, always ready to divulge their own secrets and those of others without proper caution—"ready to accuse without malice, and to betray without treachery." Says a distinguished writer, "He cannot properly be chosen for a friend whose kindness is exhaled by its own warmth, or frozen by the first blast of slander; nor can he be a useful counselor who will hear no opinion but his own. That man will not much invite confidence whose principal maxim is to suspect; nor can his candor and frankness be much esteemed who makes every man without distinction a denizen of his bosom." "But to live in friendship," says a heathen writer, "is to have the same desires and the same aversions." There must be a congeniality of disposition, having a love for all that is good and a hatred to all that is evil. The tender emotions and benevolent feelings of the soul must be possessed and cultivated, while an aversion should be cherished to every contrary principle and influence. Heart must meet heart in closest union—in sweetest fellowship. Individuals thus united, having their sympathies and associations cemented, can tell each other of their imperfections without rudeness, and of their excellences without flattery—can feel for each other's woes—participate in each other's joys, and can mutually make sacrifices for each other's comfort. They cement their regards in Christian communion, mingle in their devotions, and are cheered by the same glorious hopes.—Such was the friendship of David and Jonathan. It was sincere, affectionate, intimate, religious, firm, and permanent. "It expressed itself by their companionship, their kind conversations, their entire confidence, their tears, benedictions, and prayers. When, in the course of divine providence, they were called to separate, still friendly affection lived and flourished in their hearts; and when the one was cut off by an untimely death, the survivor wept in tender regret, composed a just panegyric on departed worth, and assiduously inquired whether there were any of his relations toward whom he might express that benevolent feeling which he entertained for his deceased friend. We call this the delicacy, the polish, the refinement, the sentimentalism of friendship, and we pity those rough-cast spirits, and frigid bosoms, which are total strangers to its gentle and generous exercises." Such is the friendship we recommend; and were it generally possessed, the earth would become a paradise—a place resembling the celestial abode.

To render friendship permanent and undecaying, requires constant study and exertion. We should not expect too much of our friends. They may often fail us in our expectations, and disappoint us in our hopes. Impeccability is not theirs—"to err is human." We should make suitable allowances for their short-comings, errors, and imperfections, and exercise toward them the "charity that thinketh no evil."

Among friends differences of opinion will frequently be experienced. But these should be considered rather the result of our present condition and circumstances, than the evidence of a want of proper affection, or of intentional wrong. Indeed, we cannot reasonably expect otherwise, considering the different habits, modes of thought, and constitutional peculiarities of men. These differences may innocently, and, perhaps, profitably exist; but we should never attach that importance to them, that will lead to alienation of affection, or that will in the slightest degree mar our friendship.

Evil reports will often be circulated against our friends; and these will frequently obtain currency among those we respect and love. We need, therefore, great caution, and to be in constant watchfulness, lest they be suffered so far to influence our minds as to weaken or destroy the ties of friendship. Before giving judgment, as to their truth or falsity, they should be thoroughly examined, and in the examination great care is necessary, lest we be swayed by prejudice or false testimony. Solomon says, "The words of a tale-bearer are as wounds." When believed, they will often sever every cord of affection among friends.

In our intercourse with friends we should always be open, frank, and honest. Nothing should be done with the appearance of concealment, or in a way to awaken suspicions of the purity or sincerity of our motives. Fairness and candor should stamp all our actions. Disingenuousness is the bane of friendship. Civility of manners, gentleness, an even and affable deportment should be prominent in our social intercourse. These tend to strengthen the bonds of friendship, and make more lasting the cords that bind us in harmony and love.

We must not desert our friends in seasons of danger and distress. Then they need sympathies, kindnesses, and help the most. It is then they have a strong claim on the attentions of friendship. It is perhaps a sad, afflictive, and unfortunate hour. The dark clouds of adversity hover around: danger threatens: the hearts warm with friendship appear, and every assistance is afforded within their power. Perchance misfortune comes and overwhelms the soul with grief. Nature is almost ready to yield under the heavy strokes of anguish. Now a friend appears "that sticketh closer than a brother." Friendship pours from its gushing fountain the oil of consolation and gladness into the sorrow-stricken heart, and it finds relief. How welcome friendship now!—far more refreshing to the wounded spirit, than are the cooling waters to the traveler, amid the sultry wanderings of the arid desert.

But we had designed to speak more particularly of the advantages of friendship, but having already noticed or anticipated some of them, it only now remains for us to glance at a few thoughts on this part of our subject, and close our remarks.

Counsel and advice may be regarded as among the privileges of friendship. How often are these needed amid the labors, duties, and trials of life! Without them, life would often appear dreary—its labors burdensome. "Woe to him that is alone," is the language of the wise man; and it is full of import in the experience of him that is friendless. The same authority also assures us that as "ointment and perfume rejoice the heart, so does the sweetness of a friend by hearty counsel."

Reproof, too, is shared in friendship. This we often need amid our neglects and departures. Our hearts are prone to stray from good. How strong are the tendencies of our unsanctified natures to follow after evil! The voice of reproof comes to quicken our sensibilities, restrain our waywardness, and check our wanderings. How peculiarly adapted is friendship for administering necessary reproof! "Faithful are the wounds of a friend." "Let the righteous smite me; it shall be as kindness: and let him reprove me; it shall be as excellent oil, which shall not break my head."

But friendship is always at hand, ever ready to administer to our necessities. Impartial and untiring, it visits the palace and the cottage alike—for it knows neither rank nor condition—and is unwearied in its efforts. It is always ready to lighten the burdens of life, and to shed a light, pure and unsullied, on our pathway. It lifts up the sinking spirit, and animates hope amid the most discouraging prospects of time. Its perennial hand is always ready. Godlike, indeed!

Much of the terror of the grave is destroyed, if we can but "fall asleep" in the arms of friendship. Friends cannot hold us to earth, but they can administer the richest consolations in the hour of dying. And when the spirit is fled, "devout men will carry us to our burial;" and should they not "make great lamentations over us," they may drop a tear at our resting-place.

Friends may part on earth, but friendship lives. Its richest blessings can only be fully enjoyed in the regions of light. It is destined to flourish in a richer soil—to live in a purer atmosphere. Commenced on earth, but perfected in heaven, there it will pour forth its richest treasures upon the "ransomed hosts." Let friendship, then, be ours—ours in time—ours for ever!

A SIMPLE belief in the existence of a God is not sufficient for the full realization of divine bliss. It is necessary that there should, likewise, be an adoration of his nature and attributes, and a love—supreme love to him as Father and Friend. Dr. Young beautifully says:

"A Deity believed is joy begun:
A Deity adored is joy advanced:
A Deity beloved is joy matured."

THE DOMESTIC LIBRARY.

BY REV. A. STEVENS.

ITS POSITION.

WE have referred, in a former article, to the pleasures of books and the importance of the domestic library. Let us indulge a few more thoughts on the latter subject. *What should be the position of the domestic library? What its composition? How should it be used? And what, on right conditions in these respects, would be its advantages?*

We can best answer these questions by a brief sketch. Our friend, Mr. B., was an intelligent and thriving merchant of Philadelphia. No man ever enjoyed domestic life more than he. His children formed his chief earthly felicity, and, it might be said, also, his chief anxiety. To save them from the perilous influences of the city, he procured a substantial homestead on the neighboring shores of the Schuylkill, whither he could daily retreat, by a ready access, after the turmoil of business. A long and inclined greensward, relieved by arbors and fruit trees, extended in the rear of his mansion to that romantic stream. Its front was adorned with shady walks. The building itself was of ornamental architecture, and furnished with liberal taste. But these *materiale* comforts were secondary to higher enjoyments.

My friend B. loved a large family. He was a genuine admirer of the domestic life of the patriarchal times. "Solitude," he would say, "may befit the sepulchre, but never the family. There is music in household voices; and then what can be more dreary than a solitary table? The best sauce to my meals is the good appetite and good humor of a large group of hearty young eaters." You will not be appalled then, courteous reader, if I tell you that, at one time, (though not so early as the period included in our sketch,) my good friend's family comprised full thirteen children, as buxom and joyous a clan as ever made a house ring with juvenile racket. It was a sight worthy the pencil of Wilkie, when the happy father, (escaped from 'Change and counting-room,) led on the romping group, after dinner, through the walks of his garden, or, if the weather was inclement, through the ample apartments of the homestead.

Such a father could not but think often of the future fate of his children. They were healthy and happy; they exhibited good moral traits, and their religious training had not been neglected; for my friend B. and his excellent lady were good Presbyterians, and scrupulous in their Christian duties; but their children, with a singular uniformity, disliked the labor of study—their education advanced slowly and painfully. There were nine of them at the time to which we refer, the oldest a young man nearly eighteen years of age, of good capabilities apparently,

but to whom, alike with all the others, a book seemed the most intolerable drudgery.

I have said Mr. B. was intelligent. His observation as well as his reason had taught him that the intelligent man is generally the successful and the secure man; that, *ceteris partibus*, the man of enlarged mind will be more generally prosperous in business, steady in morals, and sound in religion, than the ignoramus. The intellectual improvement of his children was, therefore, a matter of profound interest to him. He had explained to them its importance, and often urged them to cultivate a love of books; but his homilies on the subject were all vain, and the very urgency with which he pressed them counteracted his purpose, by giving to it the air of an imposed task.

It is the unhappy manner in which we often address counsels to our children, that renders them uninteresting, if not abhorrent; and the habit of counseling, even in the best style, is not often desirable. There is something homiletic and irksome in it, and, still worse, something in our own perverse natures, even in childhood, that places us at once in an attitude of self-defense to rebut all admonitory appeals. We must lead children by attractive enticements, not lecture them into well-doing; and there is scarcely a duty, however repugnant in its ordinary form, that might not be rendered a species of recreation to the buoyant spirits of childhood by a skillful teacher or parent.

This idea struck Mr. B. as he walked one day his garden paths in solitary and troubled meditation. "I have entreated and enjoined my children," thought he, "to love books, until the very word has become synonymous with task to them; but what have I done to render reading attractive to them? I have provided them abundantly with the means of physical comfort; but there is a higher than physical life—there is an intellectual life, next only in purity and felicity to the spiritual life of religion. Yet how little do we parents provide for it in our families! We store our barns, our cellars, our larders, and all this for a mode of existence which we have in common with brutes; but what provision do we make for the minds of our households? We send our children, indeed, to schools, but this is only for a few years, while they are unfit for any thing else, and then the whole example of our lives teaches them that the rest of their years is to be engrossed in providing for and in enjoying a sensual existence. How few are there who have ever apprehended the true idea of the intellectual life! Scarcely any except recluses and professional scholars; and yet is not every man endowed with the capacity for it, and are not the means of intellectual life and even luxuries among the cheapest commodities of civilized lands? Is there a man who can provide comfortably for the table of his family, that cannot provide books for them? Surely, though ages may be necessary

for the task, the civilization of the world will yet place the life of the mind above that of the body, and render books as requisite to men as corn or clothing—a library as necessary in the family as a larder."

He pursued this train of thought till it led to some important, practical conclusions. One was that the family library should be as genuine a reality in the household as the cooking-stove, and should have its *place* as verily as the dining-table; that the means of intellectual entertainment and improvement, though not so indispensable, are far more valuable in domestic life than meat and drink. Novel if not quaint ideas! But how potently and sublimely true would they prove, by a change of the whole face of the world, if universally adopted!

The fact was that Mr. B., like most others in his sphere of life, had not yet provided his family with any thing entitled to the name of a library. There were books in the house; but they were few, and had come there, as they do in most other families, by a series of accidents, nobody could tell exactly how. They were uninteresting; for five minutes had never been spent in considering their adaptation to excite the so much desired love of reading in his children. There were a few in old trunks in the attics, a few more scattered on the mantle shelves of the chambers, and some three or four, more ornamented than valuable, on the centre-table. "And this," said he, "is the provision I have made for the intellectual subsistence of my family! Can I wonder that my children are not smitten with literary propensities?"

Times have changed since the day to which our narrative refers. Books are more abundant, infinitely cheaper, and more commonly found in ordinary families. But the respect they commanded in the habitation of Mr. B. is about a specimen of their present average treatment in the mass of American households. Such we may pronounce, without much qualification, the *present position of the domestic library*.

But our first question asks, *what should it be?* Our sketch will answer.

Mr. B.'s reflections resulted, as we have shown, in the conclusion that the domestic provision for the intelligence, or, as he more distinctively called it, the intellectual life of a family, should rank among the first affairs of the household—should be placed in its choicest apartment, and claim an honorable amount of its expenditure. He resolved at once to place it in the best room of his mansion—to provide it a case which should compare in elegance with any article of furniture in his house, and to stock it with the most valuable and most tasteful books afforded by the market. A regular amount of the domestic expenses were to be incurred for books and periodicals; and this amount was to be ample enough to furnish the best of the current publications of the domestic market. "I provide thus," reasoned

Mr. B., "for the palates of my family—shall I treat their intellects with less regard?"

Accordingly, in one week the parlor of the mansion was adorned by a costly library case, which stood up proudly and defyingly amidst a mass of elegant furniture, notwithstanding the evident misgivings of Mrs. B. and the astonishment of her elder daughters; and in one week more it was crowded with various attractive and tastefully bound volumes. Its *position* had been determined, and whether rightly or wrongly we submit to the common sense of our readers. Why should not the library be considered, in this age of intelligence, the most necessary and most honorable article of *furniture* in our houses? Why should the most glorious productions of the most glorious men of our world be consigned to the dust of neglected shelves, or the moths and worms of old chests? Nay, let us place them prominently before the eyes of our children, and welcome them to the converse of our family circles.

ITS COMPOSITION.

But what should be the *composition* of the domestic library? Mr. B. could not resolve alone this question; but fortunately his venerable pastor, Rev. Mr. S., was as good a guide in his project as the city afforded—an eccentric, quaint old gentleman, full of harmless whims, and a thorough-bred book-worm. While Mr. B. developed to him, in his study, the plan he had formed, with the reasonings which led to it, there was a manifestly increasing rapidity in the puffs of his pipe, (pardon the fault, gentle reader, it was the worst defect of the good old bibliomaniac,) and at the conclusion he struck his hand on the table, exclaiming, "Right! right! a capital idea! We'll entrap the urchins, and soon render it next to impossible for madam to divert them from books to any thing else." A few days' consultation with the pastor furnished an ample catalogue of the best volumes for his purpose. I can only indicate a few outlines of this collection.

1. It contained no work of immoral tendency, however redeemed, in the gracious judgment of the liberal public, by traits of genius. Byron was at his zenith about that period; but he was not admissible. The discreet pastor had Shakspeare in his own study; "but," said he to his friend, "though all men of literature or taste should be conversant with the great dramatist, he is not fit company for children or youth. There is scarcely a page that is not marred by filthy vulgarity, or more filthy obscenity. 'What stuff! what stuff!' truly exclaimed old King George to Madame D'Arble. Saddest misfortune of our whole literature that such splendors of genius should commingle with such pollutions; yet domestic literature is attractive, and not without peculiar advantages for instruction. You should have good specimens of it in your library: they will tend more effectually than any other works to excite a love of books in the minds of your children." Accordingly, the list

included the dramas of Addison, Johnson, Goldsmith, Hannah More, and (better than all) those of Joanna Bailie, whom Walter Scott would place by the side of Shakspeare.

2. Few "fictions" were admitted, though the venerable pastor was frank to acknowledge that he did not fully share the scruples of most of his ministerial brethren respecting them, but occasionally relaxed his more serious studies by indulging in a well written tale by a master mind. "We must be exceedingly cautious, however," said he, "on this ground. Your children, you say, do not love books; we must, then, put attractive bait on the hook; but let us look well that it be not poisonous. Next to dramas, fictions are the most fascinating reading to young minds. Here is exactly their advantage and their danger: let us seize the one and avoid the other. Our Lord used parabolic fictions to interest and instruct his disciples. Let us try to imitate without abusing his example. Put down, then, first, as the best fiction of its size in any language, Robinson Crusoe."

The old pastor, it will be observed, concurred with Dr. Adam Clarke, who recommends, in his biography, this famous work as one of the best illustrations of the doctrine of divine providence which can be presented to children. A few others followed, among which we may mention, as specimens of all, Defoe's History of the Plague of London, scarcely less interesting than his Crusoe, Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield, Johnson's Rasselas, Scott's Tales of a Grandfather, and (never to be omitted among the books of children) Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress. "There," said the pastor, on looking over the list, "I will sacrifice my pipe for life if your children do not love books after reading these few volumes." To the list of the pastor might now be added the works of Miss Edgeworth, Miss Austin, Miss Sedgwick, Miss Martineau, and, above all, those of Mary Howitt, the Quakeress. It may seem barbarous to omit the Waverly series; but there is one fault in them, if none other—they are too charming. The young mind that plunges into that abyss of fascination will scarcely again be fitted for more serious reading. We have a specific object, and would provide for that to the exclusion of all peril.

3. Next to the select fictions of the list came works of poetry. "Put down Paradise Lost first," said the pastor; "its second book is the sublimest effort ever put forth by the human mind on our planet, and the whole of it is fitted to be recited by Gabriel to the hosts of heaven. Put down, also, the Fairy Queen of Spencer, rather tedious, but beautiful and charming to young minds; and then Young, Thompson, Goldsmith, Cowper, (the oftener read the better,) Montgomery, Crabbe, Southey, Scott, Wordsworth, Campbell, Kirke White, Rogers, Hemans. These will do for our object at present. Of the other (especially the elder) poets, you can get

enough in some of the 'specimen' compilations, when you have made good use of these." To the catalogue of the pastor should now be added the American poets, who have chiefly appeared since his day, particularly Bryant, Halleck, Longfellow, Whittier, Sprague, and Willis.

4. After the lighter departments of the list came the graver but scarcely less interesting department of biography. This was subdivided into, first, religious memoirs, including lives of Luther, Melancthon, Calvin, Wesley, Schwartz, Baxter, Henry Martyn, &c.; second, literary and scientific memoirs. "Put down first among these," said the pastor, "Boswell's Life of Johnson, and if any of your boys can give up the book before he gets through it, put him down as an irrecoverable block-head." Teignmouth's Life of Sir William Jones followed, and Prior's Lives of Goldsmith and Burke, Johnson's Lives of the Poets, Fenelon's Ancient Philosophers, Isaac Walton's Lives, Brewster's Life of Newton, that of Sir Humphrey Davy by his brother, and Cunningham's Lives of the Painters; third, the Memoirs of Statesmen and Military Characters, including Plutarch's Lives, (Langham's, of course,) Marshall's Life of Washington, Franklin's Autobiography, Memoirs of the Duke of Sully, (so highly commended by Blair,) British Statesmen, by Sir J. Mackintosh, Wirt's Life of Patrick Henry, &c. To these should be added at this day the numerous works of American biography which have since been issued. Mr. Sparks' various memoirs, Wheaton's Life of Pinckney, Life of Alexander Hamilton, Jay's Life by his son, the biographical publications of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, &c.

5. The historical works in the catalogue were chosen equally with reference to their adaptation as a domestic collection. Tytler's Universal History was chosen as the best general outline to be had at that time; and it still occupies the same rank. Rollin followed as a good survey of antiquity, and then came Turner's Sacred History, Josephus' Works, Prideaux's Connections of Sacred and Profane History, Goldsmith's Greece and Rome, Mosheim's Ecclesiastical History, Hallem's Middle Ages, Robertson's Charles V, Blunt's History of the Reformation, James' History of Chivalry, Hume's History of England, Neal's History of the Puritans, Irving's Columbus, Botta's History of America, &c. To these should now be added Grahame's History of the United States, Bancroft's do., Prescott's History of Ferdinand and Isabella, and his Conquest of Mexico, Irving's Conquest of Grenada, and, instead of Blunt's, D'Aubigne's History of the Reformation should be in every Christian family.

6. Travels and voyages made an important item in the catalogue. Few books are better adapted to excite a love of reading in youthful minds. "I was whipped," said the pastor, "three times in one week

for having spent as many entire nights in reading a book of travels. That work was Anson's Voyage. Put it down first in the catalogue. Captain Cook should come next; and then there are Ross' Voyages, Lord Amherst's Embassy to China, by Ellis, Bruce's Travels in Africa, Barthélemy's Anacharsis, Lewis and Clark's Travels, Humboldt's Narrative, &c." This department of the catalogue might be much enlarged at the present day. The following should be added to it: Dana's Two Years Before the Mast, Journal of the Landers in Search of the Mouth of the Niger, Stephens' Incidents of Travel in the East and Europe, together with his Central America and Yucatan, Durbin's Travels, both in the East and Europe, Barrow's Bible in Spain, and particularly the records of missionary travels, many of which are peculiarly rich in instruction and interest, such as Moffat's Labors and Scenes in South Africa, Williams' Missionary Enterprises, Southgate's Tour, Smith and Dwight's Researches in Armenia, Grant's Nestorians, Heber's India, &c.

7. A department of belles-lettres followed. It included the British Essayists, (Chalmer's uniform editions,) the Spectator, Tatler, Rambler, Idler, Guardian, &c. "But," remarked the good pastor, "these must be used cautiously. You must select yourself the articles to be read. There is infinite interest and great beauty of style in these works, but snakes creep among the flowers." Goldsmith's Essays were put down with Foster's Essays, Basil Montagu's Selections from Taylor, Hooker, Barrow, &c. Some excellent old books, favorites of the pastor, were also selected, though rare and expensive. Among them were Izaak Walton's Angler, Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, Selden's Table Talk, Herbert's Country Parson, Milton's Prose Works, Sir Matthew Hale's Contemplations.

8. The department of theology was rich in such works as the taste and perhaps the prejudices of the pastor preferred; yet were they selected with a judicious reference to their real merits. "Bunyan's Progress," said he, "ought to be placed first here, after the Bible; but we have him down elsewhere. He will do, however, for both places." Then followed Harris' Natural History of the Bible, Burder's Oriental Customs, Doddridge's Rise and Progress, Paley's Evidences, Paley's Natural Theology, Pearson on the Creed, Howe's Works, Leighton's, Jeremy Taylor's, Baxter's, Barrow's, Wilberforce's Practical View, Hannah More's Religious Essays, Chalmers' Sermons, Dwight's Theology, &c. "A large list," exclaimed the old divine, "and many not suited exactly to young minds; but your children are to grow old, sir; and then you must think of yourself a little, also. Many works named in other classes are rich gold; but these are gold dug from the pavement of heaven: lay in a good store of it." Had we the revision of the pastor's list, we might make it very different; but not so much by omission as by

addition. The rich variety of Wesleyan works should contribute liberally to it, and the productions of Robert Hall, of Isaac Taylor, Robert Phillips, the American Abbots, and many others familiar to our readers should not be forgotten.

9. A department of scientific books concluded the list; but these have increased and varied so much within a few years, that the ones entered on Mr. B.'s list would scarcely be specimens at present; and any parent can make his own selection by the aid of an ordinary bookseller.

"Mr. B.'s collection is no model for common families," exclaims the reader, no doubt. True, in some respects. Still most of these works can be commanded in any of our larger cities. They can be had, too, at an expense within the reach of families of the "middling class," by a small annual appropriation; and who can describe the pleasure and profit of such a provision in the domestic circle. The usual custom of purchasing books for home reading, without reference to system, and with little if any reference to progressive instruction, is as uneconomical as unprofitable. *Have a plan* in this, as in all other important matters, if you would render it substantially valuable to your family.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

AN EXCURSION TO THE LAKE COUNTRY.

BY A DOMESTIC MAN.

READER, for once in my life, I must break away from my inveterate habit of staying constantly at home, and must be off to the north. It is so long since I have had occasion to leave my cottage home, even for a brief season, that a journey of a few hundred miles seems like an expedition to California. It must seem, too, very lonely to travel alone. Gentle reader, suppose you accompany me? It is a bright, beautiful morning of early autumn. The sunlight falls soft and mellow on the face of earth. The gentle southwest scarce ruffles with its light breath the leaf of the aspen. All is quiet, serene, and sober. The busy hum of summer insects is hushed. The flowers have gone to sleep—to their last, long sleep, all except the aster and the golden rod. The forest trees are assuming their variant robes of yellow, and orange, and violet. It is the pleasant season for travel. Let us go. We may get a new set of ideas as we journey along.

THE CORDUROY RAILROAD.

Corduroy, is that the way to spell the word? But no matter about the word, here is the thing itself; and no one, who has seen it once, will ever fail to recognize it, if he come across it again. Here we go, bounce, bounce, bounce; now up, now down; now forward, now backward; now on this side, and now on that. It is sad times for hats and bonnets.

I would have worn a cap; but I refrained out of respect for the feelings of some good man, who might deem me a nonconformist. Blessed be the man who invented steel springs.

THE PRAIRIES.

Here we are in the prairies. How beautiful these highly cultivated plains! Look away on the south and the east. What magnificent fields of corn! The fine clusters of trees scattered in detached portions over the landscape, add greatly to the loveliness of the scene. But let us ascend this singular, queer-looking hill, this conical mound as it would seem, and look away to the west. Here the view has no limits but the horizon. Not a tree appears. Here we see the open, wild, unfenced prairie. It is like looking on the ocean, the vast, illimitable ocean. It is an ocean of verdure, of tall, wild, waving grass, where a thousand herds might find abundant pasture. Seldom have I looked upon a more magnificent scene. It is beautiful, it is grand, it is sublime. And see, on the distant horizon appears a dark cloud highly charged with lightning and with rain. The vivid streaks already appear, darting athwart and downward, and the muttering thunders rumble. Let us hasten, or the shower will be upon us. The big drops of rain are already falling. We must find a shelter until the storm be past. How changed the appearance of the sky! A short hour ago, the sun shone bright and beautiful, and nature smiled in loveliness. Now the heavens are black, and the storm wind is howling about us, while earth is shrouded in gloom. And thus is human life. Alas, alas, I remember but too well how soon the deep darkness of the grave gathered over a bright and beautiful being, whose smile used to throw a radiance along my path. But I must not think of her now, no, not now; for I would not transfuse into your heart the sadness that hangs so heavy on mine.

THE WABASH.

The rain is over, the winds are hushed, and the sky is again clear. The leaves on the trees are dripping, and the grass looks greener. And here we are on the brow of a green hill. Before us is the vale, where winds the Wabash. The Wabash is a most beautiful stream, flowing gently on its way through as fertile a region as was ever warmed by the rays of the sun, or wet by the dews of heaven. Not the valley of the Nile in days of old, when it supplied the world with bread, ever exceeded in fertility the intervalles and prairies of the Wabash. Just at our feet appears a thriving city, spread out over a beautiful plain, and extending to the base of the hills on the south, while there is yet room for it to extend up and down the river to any desirable distance. It is a busy mart—the depot of immense quantities of wheat and corn. The busy hum of its active population sounds merrily to us, after having endured so long the silence and quiet of the prairie. I love occasionally to visit a city. The excitement

stirs one's blood, and the busy bustle makes him move quicker. But did you never observe that a city always appears much the best at a distance? It is thus with all material things:

"Distance lends enchantment to the view."

THE BATTLE-FIELD.

How quiet appears now this far-famed spot. The old oaks raise their lofty heads to the sky, as if their rind had never been pierced by whizzing ball, and the grass looks as green as if it grew not above blood and moldered bones. Yet here is the battle-field. On this woody point were gathered men in hostile array, and from behind these trees flew many a fatal ball. And here in these pits were buried the unhappy ones who fell on that fatal day. And such is human glory. The poor soldiers fought for glory. And here they fell all bloody and bespattered with gore, and into these pits were they tumbled, unshrouded, and uncoffined, and their very names are forgotten among men. Alas for them. And alas for the childless mothers, and brotherless sisters, and fatherless children, made such on that fatal day. Ah, war is a fine thing to talk about, and write about, and declaim about. It affords a fine theme for the orator and the poet. But it is quite another thing in practice. And yet even Christian men do sustain it. But we will not discuss this matter now. We must pass on, observing the beauties of the region as we pass. Yonder on the south appears the Wabash, and just before us is the Tippecanoe, which has given its name to this battle-field. The country all along this beautiful stream, from the Wabash to the lakes, but late belonged to the poor Indian. No wonder he would fight for so fine a country—a country of orchard-like groves—of prairies, and of lakes. He once lived here; but where is he now? Alas, he is gone, melted away, like the snows of winter when the warm breezes of the south blow over them.

THE KANKAKEE.

How do you spell this droll word? Is it Indian or Dutch? Never mind, the place is queerer than the name. They say that the Kankakee was designed for a river; but surely no one would take it as such at first view. It seems to be matter of doubt about here whether it flows up hill or down hill, or stands still. A man once threw a chip into the water, and waited half a day to see which way the water ran, but could not discover. And yet, if it be a river, it would seem quite respectable, both in width and depth. But what a load of marshes it has to carry along. If they could only carry this river about for a show, they would make more money than by any caravan of wild animals, or other strange sights in the country.

THE LAKE.

And here is the noble Michigan, finest of inland waters. How it spreads its broad bosom to receive the first rays of the rising sun. Its pine-covered

shores remind me of my native home on the Atlantic. My native home! how many associations spring up at thought of home. But we must not tarry longer here, looking at the waters, and thinking of home; for the sun is set, and the darkness is coming from the east.

MINIATURE SKETCHES.

BY W. NIXON.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA.

EVERY city and village of any age or celebrity in the world, (excepting perhaps one,) has been careful to provide for the health and recreation of its people, by public squares and promenades. These "lungs of the city" are of advantage to all classes, but particularly to the younger ones, and to those whose limited means, or unremitting employments, prevent their driving beyond the precincts of the suburbs, and enjoying the health-giving air of the country.

Toward the latter part of the afternoon of a pleasant day in spring, as I strolled about the tasteful city of Philadelphia, I happened to enter the square which is appropriately called after *him* whose wisdom was ever employed to benefit the social condition of his fellow-beings. A lofty palisading surrounds the spacious area of Franklin Square; and the inclosure is beautifully diversified with rural grass plots and curving walks, and shaded by large and thickly-tufted trees. Along the paths are interspersed lamps for gaslights, which, at night, glistening through the sombre foliage, resemble a flight of gigantic fire-flies. The new-mown hay had just been gathered into heaps, and the country, thus introduced into the heart of the city, was well calculated to soften and delight the feelings.

At a distance I perceived several hundreds of children. "What," I thought, "are they about? Is it a procession?—a gala?—a festival?—a vanity fair?" No. As I approached I found it was none of these. It was their unpremeditated, their unceremonious, their everyday pastime that brought them together. Gliding and chasing each other along the walks, mingling in unostentatious gayety, skipping the rope, and engaged in a hundred other exhilarating amusements, adapted to their ages, and calculated to heighten the ruddy glow of health upon their cheek, did their happy moments pass away. Who could refrain from sympathizing in the joy they seemed to feel?

In the centre of the square was an inner inclosure of three or four hundred feet in circumference. Within this was a fountain, which, from upward of a score of jets, cast the sparkling water, like liquid silver, in graceful and mazy curves among the spreading maple, the flowery catalpa, and ailanthus, and the lofty weeping-willow, whose drooping

branches were, as it seemed, emulated by the falling showers of the fountain.

Around this magic and refreshing circle did the unsophisticated children pursue their gambols, in the presence of those who could be happy in the happiness of others, and thankful for the blessings of a beneficent Creator. I looked on the pure and happy groups, and my heart overflowed like the gushing fountain before me. I tried to reflect—to moralize, but the scene had overpowered me; and all that I could utter, as I turned from the spot, was, "May God bless them!"

ERRATUM.—In page 336, November number, Laurel Hill Cemetery, for "Scriptural illusions" read Scriptural allusions.

HIDDEN BEAUTY OF THE BIBLE.

THOUGH all that is essential for us to know, and believe, and practice, is perfectly revealed, and all who read are at once impressed with the clearness of Bible principles, yet there is much to learn beyond the mere surface of the text. There are beauties and sublimities in the Bible, that can only be discovered by those who "search" as for hidden treasures. The Psalmist made the law of the Lord his constant study; and hence he was enabled to say, "O, how I love thy law!" Its real worth and importance will only appear to those who devote to it that study which its importance requires. "Wondrous things" are beheld in the Bible by the diligent student of its mysteries; and although they are so deep and hidden that "angels desire to look into them," and doubtless find delight in their contemplation, yet mortals may look, and read, and learn, and, as they look, may see the light and glory of the heavenly world flash out from the sacred page, and feel its enlightening and quickening power in their hearts. If the unregenerate can see no beauty in the Bible, it is not because it is not there, but because the vail of spiritual darkness is on their eyes, and the shades of death have settled on their hearts. The Abbe Winkelman, perhaps one of the greatest classical scholars of his age, in discoursing to his pupils on the perfection of sculpture exhibited in the Apollo Belvidere, said, "Young gentlemen, if upon your first visit you see nothing to admire, go again. If still you discover no beauty in it to captivate you, go again and again, for *be assured it is there.*" That great specimen of the fine arts required study; and those only who gave it that attention were enabled to appreciate its beauty. So it is of every thing that is beautiful or sublime: it must be studied to be appreciated and enjoyed. To those who can see no beauty in the Bible, though they may have occasionally read it, let me entreat them to go again and *search* for its hidden beauties, *for be assured they are there.*

THE CANDLE;
OR, THE COTTAGER'S EVENING.

—
BY AN EDITOR.
—

THE toils of wintry day are done;
Through fog and foul the laboring sun
Has slowly worn his weary way,
And closed in gloom the gates of day.

How brightly burns that silver flame!
My heart, how cheerful is its frame!
What heavenly peace around me reigns!
How free from care and anxious pains!
That light dispels the darkest shade
Which sable nightfall ever made!

Along the woods the winds may sigh,
Dense clouds may gather o'er the sky,
The shivering rains may beat and fall,
And nature wear her blackest pall;
Let storm-beat ocean lash the shore,
And fright pale mothers by its roar;
Let tempests scour both land and sea,
And waste their wrath with ruthless glee;
Yet, here, how quiet is the hour!
No storm-winds pierce this happy bower.
My cottage walls have marked a place
Within the boundless world of space,
Where peace and comfort nightly flow
From this bright luminary's glow.

At early eve, when spreads the board,
Which manly industry has stored
With all the fruits the seasons bring
From autumn back to budding spring,
How welcome is the bounteous light,
That banishes the shades of night:
It sheds such radiance o'er the scene,
As heaven's resplendent, beauteous Queen,
Or great Apollo, god of fire,
Whose golden arrows all admire,
Can ne'er impart to night or day,
By beams direct, or borrowed ray—
Nor could the glorious stars above
Illume so well this feast of love.

No vapor, fog, or gloomy cloud
Doth ever rise this orb to shroud;
It sheds a lustre bright and clear,
Through all the changes of the year.
Nor must we long to see it rise
To dawn upon our wakeful eyes;
A single spark, or living coal,
Will set on fire its very soul,
To meet our wishes, bless our sight,
And fill the atmosphere with light.

The cloth removed, the banquet o'er,
The fire retouched, and brushed the floor,
The wife and mother brings the chair,
That rocks the Sire, whose hoary hair

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In locks is parted round his ear,
That age may thus the better hear.

The little ones, in neat attire,
Are sweetly grouped about the fire,
With apples toasting in the heat
That burns beside their tiny feet.
And if forgetfulness doth break
The proper silence each should make,
The careful wife (for this she lives)
The needful caution gently gives;
While Laura, fairest of the fair,
With brilliant step and buoyant air,
Brings out the light-stand to its place,
With cloth as clean as nature's face.

Neat volumes, beautifully bound,
Are ranged with careless order round;
Bright annuals of many hues,
Hebdomedals of latest news,
And monthlies, fresh from printer's hand,
Which rouse the genius of the land,
With books in printed covers, lie,
To lure the mind and fill the eye.

Amidst them all, the evening's pride,
With polished snuffers by its side,
The lordly candle rears its form,
Dispels the darkness, cheers the storm,
Diffusing sweet domestic joy,
And chaste delights that never cloy.

The father, guardian of the place,
Whose soul is beaming from his face,
With thoughts of good and prudent care,
Selects a page as chaste as fair,
And through the live-long evening hours
The feast of literature devours.
He tracks the light of science far—
From earth to heaven—from star to star;
Or rambles nature o'er and o'er,
And treasures up the useful lore,
Which sage philosophy reveals,
Beneath stern Reason's seven seals.
Or, charmed by Fancy's airy wing,
He notes her humors, hears her sing,
Pursues her as she upward towers
To fairy lands and fairy bowers.
And if to real life she turns,
His heart expands, emotion burns,
His soul, enraptured or oppressed,
Imparts its passion to the rest,
Till nodding age intently hears,
And all alike are lost in tears.

Now, demons of the night-storm, howl!
Now, dark clouds of the tempest, scowl!
Frown, all ye furies of the blast!
Spend, now, your venom to the last!
Let forests bend, let ocean's roll,
Let darkness spread from pole to pole!
O'er all the happy social group,
On which the night-hags dare not stoop,

This bright enchantress, lustrous power,
Pours light and joy in ceaseless shower,
Turns night to day, protracts short life,
Expels the elemental strife,
Illumes for youth instruction's page,
Relieves the leaden hours of age,
And draws a halo round sweet home,
Enchanting us if we would roam.

Ye faithless husbands, truant sires,
Who waste your nights by stranger fires,
Who never taste, or seldom know,
The joys that round your hearth-stones flow;
Whose base desires, or habits vile,
Will lure you many a weary mile,
The better part of life to spend
In vulgar gossip without end,
Repent, return, remember now,
Your once dear homes, your early vow.
Come! bless that circle God has given,
Designed the counterpart of heaven;
Relume those eyes that dimly burn;
All foreign pleasures nobly spurn;
Or, when those pleasures cease to roll,
Imprint this maxim on your soul:
The palest light at home that glows,
Is brighter than the wanderer knows.
If home is wretched, life's a hell
More terrible than words can tell;
If happy, then let worldlings call,
The rich let revel, rise and fall,
Ye have more happiness than all.

TO MY MOTHER.

COME, mother, rest thy aged head
Upon this loving breast;
And let me soothe thy troubled heart,
By sorrow's hand oppressed.
Though manhood's care is on my brow,
Yet I can ne'er forget
When first I lisped thy cherished name:
Thou art my mother yet.
I know full many a gloomy hour
Hath brought deep woes to thee,
And many a cherished hope been wrecked
Upon life's troubled sea;
And few the friends who now remain
To cheer thy humble cot;
Yet, mother, thou art dear to me,
And dear this hallowed spot.
Now let me gaze upon this brow,
Where Time his frost hath flung:
O, mother, I remember now
When thou wert fair and young;
And oft in dreams I see that face,
My youthful mother still:
Thy calm blue eye, that holy look,
Thy sweet and quiet smile.

Dear mother, oft thy wandering son
Hath smiling faces met;
And gentle tones have soothed my fears,
And bid me grief forget;
But there's no heart which beats as thine,
Nor voice whose holy spell
Can wake such memories in my soul,
Or its wild tumults quell.

Then gently lean upon this breast,
My own, my mother dear;
And if thou passest to thy rest
Ere time recall me here,
I'll seek thy cold and silent bed,
And think again of thee,
And bless the Hand which spared so long
That mother dear to me. LAMDA.

MY FATHER'S GRAVE.

BY JOHN M. JULIAN.

MR. EDITOR,—The following lines are the production of a young man of great promise, who died twelve years ago last summer. They were composed a short time before his death, on visiting the tomb of his father. May I hope that this slight effusion of one, who gave promise of lending fresh lustre to the galaxy of western genius, will not be thought altogether inappropriate to your pages. I. J.

I SAT beside my father's grave,
And thought upon that hour
When in the dust I saw him laid,
To share his love no more.
And though long years have o'er me pass'd
Since that lamented day,
The sad remembrance in my breast
Time cannot wear away;
For oft, amidst the mirthful throng,
My joys have been o'ercast
By recollection that would turn
My thoughts upon the past,
And point me to those happy days,
Of childhood's sunny morn,
Before the father of my love
By death from me was torn—
When I was emulous to gain
A father's look of praise:
'Twas all that I desired to win
In those my boyish days.
And when he smiling looked on me,
What rapture did it give!
Such pleasures as I then did see,
O, why should I outlive!
He's gone, and I am left to mourn
My solitary fate;
But never, while life's sand shall run,
Will I his name forget.

LADIES' REPOSITORY.

DECEMBER, 1846.

SEVERAL years ago, a gentleman went to dine with the celebrated writer, Jeremy Bentham. Observing the singular combination of wisdom and simplicity, of learning and childlike gayety, in the character of Mr. Bentham, the guest remarked to the philosopher, that it gave him great pleasure to see, that his many years had not impaired his cheerfulness. The reply is a lesson for all the world. "Sir," said the sage, "I cultivate cheerfulness as a habit. Besides, I have the consciousness of having for sixty years devoted my mind to the promotion of the happiness of my fellow-men, and with this consciousness, why should I be otherwise than cheerful?"

FROM very rigid calculations, it has been shown, that Sir Walter Scott must have written, with his own hand, an average of sixteen closely printed pages a day, besides attending to the business of his office; and yet, Washington Irving, who was once Sir Walter's guest for a number of days, informs us, that he seemed to lead a life of almost perfect idleness. He was always glad to see company, and was always ready for any kind of an excursion. While building his great mansion, he would sit for hours conversing with his workmen; and through life, whenever he went out into the country, which was almost a daily habit with him, he would stop and chat with every intelligent countryman that desired to talk with him. When, or how, he found time for his vast researches, and for the astonishing amount of literary labor which he performed, has long been a mystery to the world. Goethe, the German poet and philosopher, conjectures, that he probably only sketched out the plans of his numerous works, and then filled them up by inferior hands. But Miss Martineau, in her popular review of Scott's genius and characteristics, clearly proves, that every line was undoubtedly written by himself. His example, in this respect, has probably no parallel in the history of literary men.

POETRY has had various definitions. Lord Bacon says, "It is something divine, because it raises the mind, and hurries it into sublimity, by conforming the shows of things to the desires of the soul, instead of subjecting the soul to external things, as reason and history do." But the definition of Ebenezer Elliott, the corn-law rhymers, a humble name in comparison with Bacon's, suits us better. "What is poetry," says Elliott, "but impassioned truth?" Nothing—nothing else will reach it. Poetry is truth set on fire by the imagination.

WHEN Napoleon Bonaparte was at Dresden, during one period of the French Revolution, he rose one morning before the break of day, to superintend the erection of an important breast-work and bridge. While standing near his men, a large shell from the enemy's camp fell and exploded so near him, as to hurl a piece of timber to his very feet. The men were thunder-struck by the narrow escape of the great commander; but Napoleon, facing round and turning over the fragment of timber, coolly observed, "that a few inches more and it would have done its business."

CONTEMPT of death is not a natural feeling. In every instance, it is the result of thought and discipline.

Seneca gives rules by which it may be attained by a philosopher. A military education imposes it upon the pupil by a long continued effort; but, at last, the soldier's greatest support is, that it is his profession to kill, and his trade to die. But the Christian dies in triumph, because he sees life and immortality before him.

PERFUMES for the sick-room, wherever there is a close attention to the comfort of the patient, will be always in demand; but in many parts of the country, even in many large settlements and towns, they are not always to be obtained. But, by taking a little pains, every family can very easily supply itself, and that, too, at a very moderate cost. Let any lady take the petals of the common garden rose, and drop them into a bottle. Let her then pour in some pure spirits of wine, and cork up the bottle for future use. This makes a splendid perfume, but little inferior to what is styled otto of roses, and may be kept for years. A few drops of it will send a delightful odor through the largest room. Such gentle labors are also very fitting the character of a lady, and, like her own lovely example, leave behind them a sweet and a long perfume.

HOGARTH, the celebrated comic painter, was one of the best men of his age. He was a perfect reformer in his profession. Most comedians live only to make people laugh; but it was Hogarth's glory, that, while his pictures produced the most immoderate and irrepressible laughter, men laughed only at what was vicious, immoral or absurd. Such painters are very useful men, real coadjutors in the work of reforming and educating the moral sense of mankind.

THE old classic, Epictetus, delivers this caution to those in the habit of telling their dreams: "Never tell thy dream, for though thou thyself mayst take a pleasure in telling thy dream, another will take no pleasure in hearing it." This caution is very good, but the supposition on which it is based is not always correct. The celebrated dream of Pereskius, the friend of Gassendi, has always been interesting, even to philosophers. Pereskius was engaged in the study of ancient coins, weights, and measures. One night he dreamed he met a goldsmith at a certain place, who offered him a coin of the age of Julius Cæsar for four *cardecues*. The next day the coin was *actually* offered to him precisely as he had imagined during sleep. Similar examples are very numerous. Let the reader decide what we are to think of such things.

AN old writer, whose book has now become very moldy and dusty, but whose superstition would pass as a fresh specimen with the Romanists of the present day, makes out the following catalogue of the wonderful things seen by himself in St. Mark's church, at Venice, Italy: "Divers heads of saints, enchased in gold; a small ampulla, or glass, with our Savior's blood; a great morsel of the real cross; one of the nails; a thorn; a fragment of the column to which our Lord was bound when scourged; a piece of St. Luke's arm; a rib of St. Stephen; and a finger of Mary Magdalen!" Should it be thought by any one that Romanism has improved in this respect in modern times, let it be remembered that it is but a year or two since the Catholics in Europe professed to exhibit the *identical coat*, worn by our Savior during his sojourn in this world!

EDITOR'S TABLE.

OUR NEXT VOLUME.—The volume for 1847 begins with the next number. The one now closing up has been edited under peculiar circumstances. The first half of it was conducted by our predecessor, Dr. Thomson, when his thoughts and feelings must have frequently wandered away to the new and important work, which he had promised to undertake in another quarter. During the latter part of Dr. Thomson's term, his engagements at Delaware demanded of him occasional visits to the University, at which times he was compelled to trust many things to the discretion of the printer.

For more than a month after the present editor's period of service began, he was confined to a distant field of labor, which was sufficiently arduous to occupy completely as many hours per day, as most men devote to literary labors. But, by a little pushing and crowding, the August and September numbers were brought out at the ordinary seasons. During the preparation of the October issue, the editor was at his post, and for that number he has no apology to offer. The Repository for November, together with the present number, has suffered more embarrassments than either of their predecessors. Though much of the matter for both had been provided for, and all the editorials for the first had been handed to the printer before the editor left the city on his way to the northern conferences, yet his long absence, and above all his protracted sickness, presented insurmountable obstacles to the attainment of desirable success.

From the above causes, the Repository for this year has not been, on every page, so perfect as it would otherwise have been.

But, after all, our work has continually received the highest encomiums from the literary world. The editors of many of our best journals and newspapers have frequently indulged their kind-heartedness, in speaking of it in terms of almost unmeasured praise. We thank them all most sincerely for their friendliness, and hope in future to merit still better their good opinions. We have, also, received numerous private testimonials, to the good character of the Repository, while in our hands, and that, too, from quarters least expected, enough to cheer us on amidst all the embarrassments we have suffered. Both the east and the west have given us a welcome to our new field of labor, and a steady encouragement to our endeavors, which we had never dreamed of meriting or receiving.

Such is a brief outline of the past. The future lies before us.

Although the present editor, after his appointment, had conceived some changes in the general character of the work, in order to give it a still greater adaptedness to the wants and wishes of its readers, he did not think it best to introduce them into the middle of a volume. This obstacle will now no longer exist; and the next volume may be expected by our readers to be in some respects different from those already in their hands. The typographical execution will be the same, because it would be difficult, perhaps impossible, to make it any better; but the reading matter, both as to style and subjects, undoubtedly admits of improvement.

We have spared no pains in endeavoring to enlist the best of our writers to contribute to the pages of the Repository. From our extensive personal acquaintance, both in the east and west, with our literary gentlemen and ladies, we may have an advantage over both of our

distinguished predecessors. We shall strive to make the most of this advantage for the character and success of our work.

Our readers may also expect a decided improvement in the embellishments of the Repository. Although those of the present and preceding volumes were as good as could be conveniently obtained, and equal to those found in the majority of our most popular monthlies, we have made great exertions to obtain better ones, and have been successful in our efforts.

In a word, we expect, if it be possible, to make the Ladies' Repository, not only a better work than it has been, but the best work of its kind extant. We would render it so interesting, that the public will seek for it, and not wait for the customary solicitations to become subscribers and readers. It is our object to present such an array of useful and instructive matter, that those of our people who neglect to read it, will find the loss to be their own more than ours. But, at the same time, and for the same reason, we hope our friends will increase, rather than diminish their efforts, to place the Repository in the hands of all our ladies through the land.

Finally, we present our combined endeavors as an object of prayer. Our success is the widow's hope and the orphan's joy. Many, who, in their days of health and happiness, neglect this work of love, may be accumulating a fearful weight of misery, for those they may soon leave widowed and alone. Pray, then, and labor for our continued prosperity; and so, as the fruit of our united exertions, the light literature of at least a large portion of our country may find a happy redemption, and a thousand hearts, now sad and desolate, may be made to sing.

With many thanks to the public for its past indulgence, we look now to the future with a strong reliance upon its continued kindness.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We have many thanks to present to our friends, who have sent contributions to the Repository. Their articles, upon the whole, have been of a high order of merit. Many of them, in fact, if we are a judge, would compare well with the writings of our best English authors; and we have occasionally met with passages, some of them considerably lengthy, which would lose nothing by the severest criticism. The only improvement which could be made by our best contributors would be, to write their entire articles in a uniform style—in a style equal to their best passages. But, as it is, we think they have furnished us as good matter, as can be found in the most popular periodicals in the country. There have been pieces, both of prose and poetry, which will be read in after years, as specimens of good style. Nor need our contributors fear, that, by the exercise of their highest literary powers, they will soar too high for our readers. It is not the design of this work to descend to the low degrees of the world around us, but to bring the world up to the true standard of good sense, sound knowledge, correct taste, and pure religion.

TO OUR READERS.—At the close of this volume, we send out to our numerous readers our heartiest greetings. We trust that they have been amused, interested, and improved by the monthly visits of our periodical. We hope, also, that they will not only continue to receive and read the work, but be prepared to give our new contributors an approving welcome.

